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S O D O M S
CATASTROPHE.
A P O E M,

With the Addition of other Pieces of
Poetry.

*Pietas ad Artem Conjuncta Aporte Fulget
Cantabit et Ductus Optime Arte Pia.*

That's the best temper'd Mirth, and most refin'd,
Where Piety and Art are wisely join'd.



L O N D O N:
Printed for Jacob Robinson, at the Golden Lyon in Lud-
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CATALOGUE

of the various pieces of



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of the various pieces of



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(3)

T H E

Author's Apology.



H A T Poets may lie, by their Poetical Licence, is a well known Proverb; and that the Flights of Poetry are Intensive Lyes, I shall disprove by Scripture Authority; the lofty Song of *Moses*, and *Deborah*, the Book of *Job*, in many of the *Psalms*, in most of the *Prophets*, the Mystical Book of *Solomons Song*, and the most Misterious Book of the *Revelation*; do all Conspire, to Vindicate the serious Poet, from all Intensive Lying: God hath Endued the nature of Man, with Sense, Reason, and Mystery; the last of which I believe is the highest Attainment, the humane nature is Capable of, on this side the Visionary Worlds of pure and perfect Light: if any will call this a Superfluous conceit; I would have them to Consider what Temper of Mind, the Ancient Patriarchs, the Inspired Prophets, and the more modern and Spiritualized Christians where of in their more serious and secret Contemplations. I my self knew a Person, that made it his Habitual Practice, to Retire into Solitary places, for the Benefit of Contemplation; who hath had at certain times,



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times, such Mysterious Ideas Represented to his Mind, as have Terminated into Rapturous Elevations. I know that Ignorant and Prophané Scoffers, will call this Enthusiasm; but Wisdom is Justified of all her Children. I have Purposely Avoided all Heathenish Fables, because I think they belong not to the Tenets, of the Christian Oeconomy: altho' some of them seem but as Symbolical Interpretations of Scripture History. What can we think of the Hesperian Gardens, bearing Golden Apples, and kept by a watchful Serpent, but Adam and Eve, and the Serpentine Devil in the Garden of Paradise. The Golden Age, mentioned by the Old Poets, is a Representation of the Blissful and Peaceful state, of our first Parents before the Fall. The opening of Pandora's Infectious Box; is a lively Emblem of the Miseries which Overflowed the World, at the Entrance of Sin. The Giants War with the Gods, and their heaping Pelion upon *Ossa*, gives a lively Demonstration of the Babel Builders. The Confused Overthrow given them by their Thundering Jupiter; shews the dismal Effects of their Rebellious, and vain glorious Pride.

What can we think of the Elizian Fields; where they thought the Souls of their Departed Friends Resided; but glories of the Saints in the Celestial Regions. Or what can we think of Ixions Wheel, Sisyphus his Stone, Prometheus his Vulture, but the Pains of the damned in the future Eternal World.

The design of this Poem, is to shew the Evil and Pernicious

icious nature of Pride, and Discontent, which threw the Angels out of Heaven, Man out of Paradise, and will have the same Effect, on all who are Guilty of the same Rebellion.

Be satisfy'd, and pleas'd, with what thou art;
Act Chearfully with thine Allotted part;
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish the Approaches of the last.

COWLEY.

It hath been Observed, that Poetry hath a Marvelous way of Perswasion, Especially if Accompanied with that Rhetoric which good Verse is Usually Attended with.

Well sounding Verses are the charms we use,
Heroick thoughts, and Vertue to infuse;
Things of deep Sense, we may in Prose Unfold,
But they move more in lofty Numbers told.

WALLER.

Nectar divine Flow'd from his heavenly Tongue,
And on his charming Lips, Perswasion hunge;
As doth both Knowledge and delight Impart,
The force of Reason, with the Flower of Art.

BLACKMORE.

As to the Ensuing Poem, such as it is, came into my Mind Accidentally, so I ran it over without the help of either History, or Dictionary, the Bible only
Ex-

Excepted, and the Marginal Notes, which tho' some part of them may seem as Digressions, yet may be somewhat of Diversions, Especially to those who know but little of those Wonderful Revolutions, which happened in those former Ages of the World: wishing that some who are better Qualify'd for such an Undertaking would spend their vacant Hours in some such Benificent Diversions: most of the Historical Passages in the Holy Scriptures might be Paraphras'd, and turned into Poems, which if Illustrated with Beautiful Fables, or Chimerical Allusions, might tend to confront the daring Blasphemies of the polite Atheists; and Interrupt the Progress of the Prophane Nonsensical Ballad-mongers. Methinks I hear God speaking to such Persons in the words of *Jehu*; who is on my side, who; there were two or three bold enough to Execute his Commands; in dashing out the Brains of that Whorish *Jezabel*: that such may have the same Courage, and the like desired Effect, is the earnest desire, and prayer of one who is a well Wisher to all Ingenious Piety.

(7)
T H E
P R O L O G U E

O R,
I N T R O D U C T I O N .

WHEN first I took my Pen in Hand to write ;
I did not think my Poesy to Indite ;
With Heathen Fables, or adorn my theams,
With Popish Legends, or Fictitious Dreams ;
I ne're Convend, with those Fictitious Fools,
Who learnt their Catechism, in Ovids Schools,
In Virgil, or Old Homer, who can tell,
Of ancient Wonders, Wonders that Excell }
All Reason, but to make an Infidel.
Who can believe that famous Cretean Jove,
Stain'd with Incestious, and Adulterous Love ;
Should after all his Villanies be Crown'd,
Celestial King, and all his Foes Confound.
Who would not that Presumptious fame despise,
Of Hercules his twelve Victorious Lyes ;
Of Dedalus, that 'ore the Ocean flew,
As sure as ever George the Dragon flew ;
Of Phaetons Chariot, or Danaes Bower,
Or of Narcissus turn'd into a Flower,
Bellerophon who did the Chimæra kill,
Whose great Exploit remains a Chimera still.

Alceto's

Alesto's snaky hair, Infernal gog,
 Grim Cerberus the great three headed Dog ;
 Porter of Hell, Pandora's baneful Box,
 Which through the World dispers'd the Stinking Pox.
 These Fictions did the Heathen first begin,
 Which unto them was but a Venial Sin :
 Compared with the Babilonish Whore,
 Who added to the Bulk, a Thousand more ;
 Who can believe our Lady was so kind,
 To visit Italy, and there be shrind ;
 And that her Chambers built of Stone and Lime,
 Came Jumping 'ore the Sea, from Palestine ;
 And that Lorretto was the sacred Ground,
 Where holy Pilgrims must her praises Sound.
 Thomas a Becket he was greatly Priz'd,
 And for an Holy Saint was Cannoniz'd :
 Tho' to his Prince, a Rebel he was known,
 Whilst he Maintain'd Pope Alexanders Crown ;
 The Stubborn Prelate, Strenuously withstood,
 His Royal Prince, for which he lost his Blood :
 But his Adorers to Advance his Fame ;
 On Pilgrimage to Canterbury came ;
 With fervent Zeal, the Idolizing Crew,
 With great Devotion, kiss'd his Holy Shoe.
 We must not think that Miracles are ceas'd,
 But by such lying Wonders, more Increas'd ;
 If that a Priest as oft as he thinks fit,
 Can make his God, and eat him every bit ;

And so *ad Infinitum* still go on,
 To make more Gods, and eat them every one;
 He may as well go Clime the lofty Skies,
 And turn the Stars, all into *Christmas* Pies:
 This will not such a Miracle afford,
 As first to make, and then to eat his God.
 My Muse let not thy sacred Motions Rise,
 With such Fictitious Contradicting Lies;
 The Royal Systems of Diviner state,
 Shall raise thy Spirits, and Exilerate
 Thy rising Fancy, with Heroick Fire,
 Sweetly Inflame with Heavenly Gales Inspire
 Thy Mind, and with its Influence Incline,
 To things more high, Substantial and Divine.
 Sing Heavenly Muse with Artful Notes Proclaim,
 The Truth and Justice of *Emanuel's* Reign;
 Triumphant 'ore Apostate Rebels who,
 By Pride and Discontent did Overthrow;
 Their native Bliss, in that Celestial World,
 From which they were by Powerful Justice hurl'd.
 Then with a Mournful Sympathy Relate,
 Fall'n Mans Expulsion from the Blissful state
 Of Paradise, when by a Spightful Foe,
 He was Bewitch'd, and Doom'd to Undergo;
 The penal Vengeance of a painful Life,
 Fill'd up with Anguish, Misery and Strife:
 But when Redeeming Grace fresh Cordials bring,
 Repeat thy Praise, my Muse exult and Sing;
 Sing Heavenly Songs with thine Expiring Breath,
 Like *Philomel* in sweet Harmonious Death.

CATASTROPHE.

The Argument.

A Description of the fruitful Plains, near the Banks of the River Jordan, the first Inhabitants of that Country, Descendants from the *Babel-Builders*. The daring Attempt of the *Babel-Builders*, with their Confused Overthrow, The Different Languages Separate into distinct Societies, and March off into distant Countries. The *Hamite's* Oration to his Followers ; their Progress through *Syria*, and Arrival in *Canaan*. The building of *Sodom* and *Gomorrow*, and the Cities about them. A Visionary Representation of the *Infernal Congress* in the Regions of the Air.

The Imaginary Gods or Planitary Demons. A Commission with Pertinent Instructions given to *Belial* touching the Destruction of the *Sodomites*.

The calling of the Patriarch *Abraham*, with his Household out of *Chaldea*. Their Progress through *Syria* and Arrival in *Canaan*, as the Genuine Heirs of that Country. The Destruction of the *Sodomites* Revealed to *Abraham*, who Intercedes for them. *Chedorlaomer* with his Allies, Invade the Neighbouring Coasts Bordering upon *Canaan*, with Terrible Slaught-
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(II)

ter and Rapine. *Sodom* with the Neighbouring Cities Join their ~~Forces~~ to withstand these Terrible Invaders. *Chederlaomer's* Oration to his Soldiers. The Slaughter of the *Sodomites*. Their Wives, Children, and all their worldly Substance carried away by the Enemy. A Messenger sent to inform the Patriarch *Abraham*, who Arms his Household and Associates with the Neighbouring Cities, pursues after the Enemy, Recovers all the Goods and Captives. The *Sodomites* Reinstated in their former Peace and Prosperity. The Ingratitude, and Outragious Wickedness of the *Sodomites*. Their certain Destruction again Revealed to the Patriarch *Abraham*; who Intercedes for them without Success Two *Angels* Expressly sent to Execute the Judgment, Entertained by Lot. The Villanous Attempt of the *Sodomites* upon the *Angels*; who are stricken Blind. A Visionary Representation of the Ingrefs of that glorious Morn; Succeeded by the Terrible Conflagration, by which *Sodom* was Destroyed. The ruined Cities and Plains Adjacent, delug'd 'ore by the River Jordan. The fair Deceitful Fruit, growing on the Banks of that Infectious Flood; with a Mournful Elegy on *Sodom's* Catastrophe.

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(13)

S O D O M S

C A T A S T R O P H E,



E A R *Jordans* fertile streams in
(Grandure flood,)
Five famous Cities water'd with the
(Flood ;)
Whose Over flowing Streams en-
(rich'd the Soil,)

Like Indian *Ganges*, or Egyptian *Nile*.
More blest this happy Region more secure,
From *Egypt's* *Allegators*, which devour :
Or the more Frightful and Tremendious Rore,
Of Ranging *Lyons*, on the *Indian* Shore :
Where beckning Gales Inchant the Gleaming Showers,
And solar Heats Extract the rising Flowers ;
Where nature in her best Attires was seen,
In Complicated Groves of living Green ;
Where Germinating Shrubs in Splendor shine,
The Pompous Palm, and more Delicious Vine ;
Pomgranates, Figs, the Olive, and the Date,
The sensual Faculties to Recreate :
Here Generous Plants, in sweet Confections grow,
And healing Balms with Spicy Odours flow ;
A Paradise of Sensitive delight,
Where Creatures by a kind Indulgence might ;
Have Liberty to Eat of every Tree,
And by a Moderate use might yet be free ;

From

From Woes and Plagues, where earthly sweets abound,
 The Earth Untill'd with Plentious Crops was Crown'd ;
 Like to that pleasant plot of happy Ground,
 Which *Tygris* and *Euphrates* did Surround.
 Where our first Parents had their blest abode,
 Richly supply'd with every needful good ;*
 These Bountious Blessings Heaven at first bestow'd,
 On that Apostate Vile Internal Brood ;
 The Race of those *Gigantick* Rebels who,
 Were Overthrown some Centuries ago ;
 When on Mount *Pelion*, with Aspiring Pride,
 Fire, Air, and Sea, and Earth, and Heaven Defy'd.

THE mighty *Nimrod*, with his Pompous Train,
 From the *Armenian* Plains to *Sbinar* came ;
 With haughty Pride the daring Mortals strove,
 To Conquer Earth, then make a bold remove ;
 From Earth to Heaven, by their own might and Power,
 For which Exploit they'l raise a mighty *Tower* ;
 Whose lofty Turret, should ascend on high,
 Above the Regions of the starry Sky ;
 Whose Ponderous Bulk, and rising Stories shou'd,
 Secure them from the next Invading Flood.

Thus

* Before the Lord Destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, it was like the Garden of the Lord, Gen. ch. 13. Verse 10.

Thus daring Mortals, Propagate their Schemes,
 Take Pleasure in their own Delusive Dreams;
 Turn their Theoric Systems into fact,
 And with Hells dark Emissaries Contract:
 From *Pile*, to *Pile*, the Pompous Arches rise,
 Through Cloudy Pillars in the lower Skies;
 With daring Minds, they tempt the Matchless right,
 Of those more Pure, *Ethereal* Realms of light :
 From which Proud *Demons* were Expell'd, and where,
 Their daring Off-spring must no more appear;
 But must Presuming Mortals proudly Vaunt,
 Impotent Fools, who daringly Confront ;
Celestial Powers, now the Decisive Proof,
 No w the great Sovereign, by an easy puff,
 Blasts their Designs; their own Blasphemous Tongues,
 Work the Defeat; the wild Tumultuous Throngs,
 Such tatling Gibberish to each other tell,
 That neither could, the true Solution Spell ;
 And now *Barbarian*, to *Barbarian* spoke,
 And every answer turn'd into a Joke ;
 With fearful Apprehensions, some are mute,
 Whilst others in dark Dialogue dispute ?
 One calls for *Mortar*, who receives a Stone,
 With which he knocks his baff'd Pupil down ;
 With such a force from off the Turret-Wall,
 Who breaks his Neck with the Prodigious fall ;
 One for a *Hatchet*, brings an *Hammer* when,
 His surly Master drives him back again :
 The great Officials could no more Command,
 Nor make their Menial Slaves to Understand,

Their

Their noisy Jargons ; now they all prepare,
 By Jarrs and Strifes, to make Intestine War ;
 The Rulers find their grand Contrivance lost ;
 Discharge their Vassals, and Resign the Post :
 March down the Mount, Chagreen'd Abash'd Enrag'd,
 With Vengful Spleen Resolve to be Engag'd ;
 In some new Enterprize, which should Regain,
 Their fading Glories, or Revenge the shame.

THE wild Tumultuous Rabble Whoop andHollow,
 Thrown down their *Trowels*, and prepare to follow ;
 Their baffled Leaders to the wide Champaign,
 Where all the Differing Tribes unite again ;
 New Factions now, in wild Confusions rise,
 And Heralds with a shrill Sonorus Noise ;
 Call in their new Allies, by Language known,
 With willing Minds they to their Brethren come :
 Fathers and Sons break through Natural tye,
 To Join with their new made Fraternity ;
 The mighty Host broke into separate Bands,
 March off in order to some distant Lands.

THE vile Luxurious brood of cursed *Ham*,
 Their long Incessant Marches now began ;
 The Zealous Captain of this cursed Train,
 Big with Ambitious Rage, and Proud Disdain ;
 With Vengful Spleen, the Artful Monster spake,
 Says he my Friends we now must all forsake ;

Our Pompous Pile, built on this cursed Ground,
 Where Heaven did our Enterprize Confound ;
 I know your Spirits are too bold and great,
 To be Out-brav'd by this Uncouth defeat ;
 Lets Range about ; to seek some happy Soil,
 Shall make amends for all this fruitless Toil !
 With sweet Delight, we'll then our Senses please,
 And Recreate our selves in Careless ease.

It's true we're under our great Grandfures Curse,
 Yet I can't think we're 'ere a bit the worse ;
 Lets not be Frighted with Fictitious Dreams,
 Must *Ham* be Curs'd, the Blessings all be *Shems* ?
 These *Shemites* which in *Hebers* line are plac'd,
 With some Peculiar kind Endowments grac'd,
 With them they say, truth in its Lustre shines,
 Agrandize all their Seed in Rubrick Lines !
 No Curse they say, does to their Tribe belong,
 Since they alone Maintain the Mother Tongue.
 These *Hebrian Puritans* will Cant and Preach,
 Such Mortifying Lectures they will teach,
 Which if Observ'd, in their strict Order will
 Our dear delights and sweetest Comforts kill ;
 Some of these strict Observers would not yield,
 To send Supplies, nor give Consent to build,
 Our stately *Mount*, call'd us Presumptuous Fools
 Still kept within their own Conceited Rules ;
 Glad at our late defeat they laugh to see,
 Our glories turn'd to Shameful Ignomy.

Should we amongst them settle our abode,
 We must Observe the Precepts of their God ;
 Or they will Preach such Thundering Lectures, we
 Shall soon abhor their hateful Company.
 Should we Immerge our selves in soft delights,
 Indulge the Flesh, or please our Appetites,
 They'l call us Libertines, Pronounce the Woe
 Which such Luxurious Brutes must Undergo.
 Distinguish'd by some Careful Providence,
 They still Maintain their native Language, whence
 They Judge themselves, Heavens Favourite to be,
 And we Acurs'd to all Eternity ;
 The Pungent Miracle we must Approve,
 Proceeds from some divine Peculiar Love,
 Some saving Truths we must Confess they hold,
 But right or wrong, we ne're will be Controul'd,
 We'l leave their hateful Company in Quest
 Of some more Congruous, more Concoriding Rest ;
 Thus carnal Hearts Regale their eager thirst,
 In Earthly sweets will always have the first,
 Whilst *Canaans* Rightful Heirs must hope and wait,
 For promis'd Blessings in a future State,
 Usurping *Ham's* shall then be Dispossest,
 And *Canaans* Heirs Regain the promis'd rest.

When the grave *Don* had his Oration made;
 The Joyful Mob their due Obediance paid,
 To this kind Patriot now they Whoop and Hollow,
 With Chearful Mind they all prepare to follow

His sage Advise, in whom they now Confide,
 As their Conductor ; Counsellor and Guide ;
 The bold *Gigantick* Rebels Tramp along,
 A mighty Host, a wild Confused throng !
 Neither *Euphrates*, nor its flowing Tide
 Can stop those Brutes whose Passions are their Guide,
 Nor *Pharphar*, nor *Arbanas* could please,
 Nor *Syrian* strain'd, nor *Gileads* Pastorage ease
 Their Violent Passions, Thirsting in pursuit
 Of doating Pleasures, and Delicious Fruit.
 'Ore *Jordans* Streams, the *Helluvion* Monsters Roam,
 To view the Plot Allotted for their home,
 In wild Amaze they Glut their Wondering Eyes,
 Blest and Belegred with the sweet Surprize ;
 The Roaming Prilgrims now Obtain their rest
 And *Canaans* Land was first of all possest,
 By the wild *Giants* which from *Shinar* came ;
 Agrandiz'd only, with Infandious fame ;
 Increase and tpread, the wild Tumultuous rout ;
 Fill'd up the vacant Regions round about ;
Emmims, *Zamzummins*, *Horims*, *Philistines*,
 Allies with those *Gigantick Anakims* ;
 Who Tyraniz'd they and their cursed Heirs ;
 In *Canaans* Land six Centuries of Years.
 The busie Tribes thus active to procure ;
 A sensual *Paradise*, that should Endure,
 For them and theirs the subtle Fiends of Hell
 Ken their Proceedings, fram'd Exactly well ;

To Propagate their Empire, crafty Spies ;
 Wise in their way, the dam'd Emisaries ;
 Return with Joy the grateful News to tell,
 To all the mighty Potentates of Hell.
 Here the Infandious Tragedy began ;
 How the Increasing heights were carried on ;
 We must some secret Mystery Unveil ;
 Ere we can all the Tragick Vision tell.

BEYOND the Liquid Cisterns in the Air ;
 Where spongy Clouds Ingulf themselves, and where
 Are wove the Fleecy Magazines of Snow ;
 Where Shoals of Hail, and Icy Mountains grow,
 Where jaring Elements Contend and Fight,
 And baneful *Comets* dart Infectious light ;
 Whence dread *Phænomena's* are fiercely hurl'd,
 To frighten and amuse a guilty World :
 Where space the great Mysterious Name Surrounds,
 The Globous Lamps, within its reachless bounds.
 Here Carping *Momus*, Regent of the Air,
 In shaggy Robes assumes the Regal Chair ;
 Black Bands of Impious Fiends surround the Throne ;
 Glad to relate the Mischiefs they have done.
 The Princely Rulers all attend and wait,
 For new Instructions, how to Propagate
 Their growing Empire, here the Misers God,
 Great *Mammon* Raves and Gapes for Golden food,
Belial the bold Blasphemer's God appears,
 Fiercest of all the Fiends, and void of fears ;

True Father to his darling Sons on Earth,
 From whom their Vices have their Pristine Birth ;
 Malicious *Satan* with his hateful Spleen,
 Breaths out Revenge against both God and Man :
 The great *Appollion* that Triumphant Foe,
 Who by Malicious force did Overthrow
 The human Race ; whose *Illustrations* name ;
 Must be Exploded with Infandious fame.
 Thus all the several Orders and Degrees ;
 Conspire to Act their Direfull Tragedies ;
 What Power ; what Force, what subtle Arts they use ;
 Their Hellish Machinations to Infuse ;
 Perswade Deluded Mortals to adore.
 Such feigned Gods, that were but Men before ;
 Assume their Qualities, and so deceive,
 Deluded Mortals, with a Vain belief.
 The Influential Power of Sanguine Jove,
 Incites the Passions, to Adulterous Love :
 The *Muses* in *Mercury's* Conclave meet,
 T' Inspire mad *Posts*, with their hellish wit :
Venus, the Witch, whom Lustful Minds adore ;
 A fair, a false, a gay Delicious Whore.
 Thus surly *Mars* Incites to bloody War,
 And sullen *Saturn*, Heighens black despair :
 Great *Sol* does in his fiery Chariot Ride,
 T' Inspire the fancy, with Insulting Pride :
Diana in her nightly Dress appears,
 To fright her Female Nymphs, with fancy'd fears.
 The *Planets* ruleing in their natural way ;
 And bias'd by the more Important sway,

Of subtile *Dæmons* lure ; the Heart Cajoles ;
 The floating Passions of deluded Souls.
 Imaginary *Gods*, true *Devils* are,
 Who awe their Votaries with Slavish fear ;
 Vitiate their Wills, but mostly are Inclined,
 To blur the Beauteous Lustre of the Mind :
 That being Blind, they may securely lead,
 Deluded Souls, to th' Regions of the Dead.

IN the Etherial Cavalcade the Rout,
 Of furious *Harpies*, Circulate about,
 The grim Dictator, on his regal Throne,
 With Awfull fear, and prompt Obediance come ;
 For new Commissions, how to Regulate,
 Their growing Empire, and Faciliate
 The new coin'd Methods which they have in Hand ;
 The furious Fiends in waiting Posture stand :
 The great Imperial Monster looks about ;
 And spews a Fiery fierce Oration out.

YE winged Squadrons of th' *Infernal* Pit ;
 Whose grand Cabbals, have never failed yet ;
 Never I say, since mighty *Abbadon* ;
 'Ore the whole human Race the Conquest won.
 Since then, their sensual Faculties are ours,
 Subject to our supream *Infernal* Powers :
 We now have Liberty to enter in,
 Make ev'ry Sense, Receptacles for Sin ;

Inchant their Fancies with Impure delights,
 Raife up fuch Fumes, shall damp the natural light,
 Eclipse its Glimmering Rays in Total Night. }
 We now have Power, to Ranfack ev'ry Part,
 Search ev'ry fecret Room, except the Heart :
 To that *Arcana*, tho' we cannot come,
 We may Poffefs the next Adjacent Room :
 Where we may Spy its Flowing Passions move ;
 And partly know, its hatred or its Love.
 We by our Emissiaries Understand,
Ham's cursed Tribes, poffefs the fatted Land ;
 Where all the Fruitifying Baits of fence
 Inchant, by their own native Influence :
 Where Generous Vines with Sanguine Liquids flow,
 Where all the Suavitive Confections grow :
 The dear Emoluments of human Life,
 For which they scramble with Inceffant strife.
 With all Allureing Charms, do here Invite,
 The fenfual Brute, to feaft his Appetite :
 The Genuine Products of the Pregnant Soil,
 Prevent the Hardships of Laborious Toil ;
 The Vegetables rich Luxuriant Juice,
 Will fuch Emafculating heats Produce,
 Will bribe the Conscience, Vitiate the Mind,
 And all the Cogent Rays of Reason Blind.

Belial take your Legions, haft away,
 You have before you here, an eafy Prey :
 Let thefe Incouraging Motives make you bold ;
 By what Fallacious Maxims, we Uphold

Our dreadful *Empire*, you Exactly know ;
 To Regulate the grand Contrivance so,
 As to appear, the most Indulgent Friend ;
 To this must all your Artful methods tend :
 With feigned Love, present before their Eyes,
 The tempting Baits, that by the sweet Surprise,
 They may for some Felicitating good,
 Imbibe Infection, with Delicious Food.
 To these Material Engines, you must add,
 Your own Injective, Immaterial aid ;
 By the Infective Spawn that Lyes within,
 Contracted, when we did at first begin,
 The mortal Strife, your greatest Interest Lyes,
 To Propagate the dreadful Sacrifice :
 A Sacrifice, which tho' we can't Foresee,
 Will in the least, to our Advantage be ;
 Yet mortal Malice, and Revenging spight,
 Is now become our natural delight :
 To love we know not how, to hate we find,
 Our Vicious Natures, forcibly Inclined :
 Since we Receiv'd the fatal Overthrow ;
 When by the Power of our Almighty Fee,
 We were Expell'd the Realms of glorious light ;
 Doom'd to the horrid shades of gloomy Night :
 Yet whilst the Execution is delay'd ;
 Our fatal Destiny shall be Repaid
 By sweet Revenge, with all our Art and Power,
 Against all those who did his Image bear :

A perfect hate, we have to all that's good ;
 We hate the *Image*, as we hate the *God* ;
 We hate the *Heavens*, we hate the *Sons of Light* ;
Cherubs, and *Seraphims*, in all their Bright
 And glorious forms ; we hate the *Sons of Men* ;
 Curs'd as they are, wee'l Curse them 'ore again :
 We hate the Glimmering Rays of Heavenly light
 They yet Retain, with Fulminating spight ;
 Wee'l Blast those Heavenly Tinctures which remain ;
 Damp all their hopes of being Restor'd again.

WHEN first you see the Heaven born Soul aspire ;
 Inflam'd, and Quickned with Celestial Fire,
 Towards its native Rest, with free desire ;
 With all your Art, with all your Power Restrain ;
 The dawning Motions, Quench the rising Flame
 Obstruct their hopes, and make their wishes Vain,
 When Criminating Motions first begin ;
 Add fury to the Fluctuating Sin ;
 Inspire the fancy with Insulting Pride ;
 And all the strong Impetuous Passions guide,
 To their own nature Center, fence and Earth ;
 From whence they had their first Infectious Birth,
 From whence Proceeds, the Palpitating Gust ;
 Of filthy Avarice, and Fleshy Lust ;
 Which will their noble Natures so debase,
 Their Makers Image Horribly deface ;
 That we shall see them Sink in Endless Woe ;
 And Triumph in their fatal Overthrow.

WITH Wings Expanded, then the *Monster* rose ;
 From his *Majestick* Throne, and in the close,
 Of his Oration, bids them every one,
 Take their Commissions, and with hast be 'gone ;
 To their Respective Stations, as Assign'd,
 By this great Council, and be sure to mind
 The great Concerns, Committed to their care ;
 Appoints the Time, when they must all appear,
 At the next Meeting ; having thus Ordain'd
 His Hellish Doctors, he with stern Command,
 Dissolves the Council ; *Belial* takes his leave,
 With humble Thanks, most Willingly Receives
 The great Commission, whilst each seperate band ;
 Of *Belials* Tribe, in waiting Posture stand ;
 And in dark Liv'ries wait the Generals Command. }
 With dreadful awe the Ratling *Charon* Sounds,
 In marching Order, all the *Stygian* Hounds
 Breath out Revenge, and openly declare ;
 Inveterate hatred, and Immortal War,
 Against the human Race, if their Fiery Zeal,
 They in the sharpest Terms shall quickly feel.
 The furious *Harpies*, with Mischievous Joy ;
 Through Azure Fields, of Trackless Ether fly,
 To their Designed Province, now the Seat,
 Where all the Hellish Conspirators meet.
 The busy Tribes, they find with Active care ;
 Imploy'd, whilst they Propound the fatal Snare :
 The sad Effects of all this Hellish Crew,
 The sequel of the Story soon will shew.

Blest with a Sensual Paradise, they give,
 Their Carnal Hearts, Indulgences to live,
 In careless Ease, no more Laborious Toil,
 Shall all their sweetest Recreations Spoil :
 No more shall their United force be spent,
 To Propagate a Fruitless Monument,
 To settle their Abode in quiet Rest ;
 To have their Earthly Heritage Increast,
 Is now become their chief their main design ;
 In this the whole Tumultuous Herds Combine :
 No airy loose Pavilions, will Content,
 Their lofty Minds, nor close Reserved Tent.
 In stately Buildings, now their hopes Confide ;
 The Flagrant Symptoms, of Remaining Pride :
 The several Cantons, all Conspire to build,
 A City, whose Aspiring Towers should yield,
 Amazing Prospects, settle and secure ;
 Their Earthly Peace, the stately form Allure,
 The fond Observers, through the spacious Round ;
 Which did the great *Metropolis* Surround :
 From *Sodom* to Mount *Jebus* mighty fort ;
 Where *Anecks* Sons, those frightful Hounds Resort ;
 To *Hazor*, through the Circulating Rounds
 To distant *Laisb*, in the outmost Bounds :
 Hell's busie Fiends, began to Act their part,
 Their well known Practise, in the dreadful Art,
 Makes them Successful, whilst the ductile Slave ;
 Devours the Bait, the Offring Temper gave ;

So Easy is the fatal Conquest won,
And human Souls, so Easily Undone.

THUS Peace, and Plenty, in their Nat'ral way,
Do all the Sensual Faculties betray ;
Bewitch the fancy, and Corrupt the Mind,
And all the Glimmering Rays of Judgment blind ;
Whilst wilful will, Imperious and Unjust,
Yeilds up the Fort, to Luxury and Lust.

SETTL'D in Peace, with Eagerness and Heat,
T' Increase and Multiply, grow Rich and Great ;
The rude Inhabitants Prophanely wise ;
Still seek for new Delights, with lustful Eyes.
Enslaved by a sensual Appetite,
They feed, and feast, nay surfeit with delight :
Enough Craving too much, too much Craves more ;
To Heighten and Augment the dreadful score ;
Till lull'd into a false Security,
They soon Contract a sad Catastrophe.

Amidst the Tragick Vision, now appears
A beautilous Lustre ! now the Genuine Heirs ;
Are on their March, call'd by Peculiar Love ;
From Stage, to Stage, the Patient Pilgrims move :
Abraham the Great, the Faithful and the Just,
Rich with the Treasure of Fiducial trust ;
With all his Disciplin'd, his tutor'd Tribe,
The *Patriarch*, their President and Guide ;

Leads on the ductile Heirs of Grace the way,
 To take a pleasant Prospect, and Survey,
 The promis'd Land, and Type of Heavenly rest;
 Where Saints in Glory are Compleatly blest.
 From distant *Chalde*, did these Pilgrims come,
 That stately Province, was their native home,
 Where the great Monarchs kept their Regal Court;
 Where all the Gorgious Parasites Resort;
 Where all Earths dazling Gayities were seen;
 The mighty *Babylon*, * by the Martial *Queen*;

* *Babylon built by Semiramis, Wife to Ninus, or Nimrod, the first King of Assyria, who Reigned According to Justin 42 Years, after the death of her Husband; greatly Renowned for her martial Expeditions; altho' the Succeeding Emperors, had their chief Residence at Niniveh; till Arbactus Lieutenant of the Medes, Joyning with the King of Babylon, overthrew Sardanapalus, the last King of Assyria; Destroyed Niniveh and Translated the Empire to the Medes. The Babylonians thinking themselves freed, would by no means be brought under the Government of this new Empire; but greatly Increas'd in worldly Grandure, till in the Reign of Nebuchadnezzar, it was Arrived to that Pitch of Honour, that it became the wonder of the World: it had an Hundred Gates of Brass; with Hooks and Bars of the same, 48 Miles in Compass; Herodotus says 60; the Walls an Hundred Cubits high; and 50 Foot thick: the Medes Envying the Glory of this*

Built on *Euphrates* Banks, the glorious Seat,
 Enrich'd with all that Earth calls good, or great ;
 These sweet Perswasions, these Engaging charms,
 Inducements to the most Destructive harms ;
 Which are by worldly Minds, so highly Priz'd ;
 Are by these high born Souls, with scorn despis'd.

new Empire, Cyrus the King of Persia, Joining with his Uncle Cyraxes the Medes Besieged Babylon, in the Reign of Belshazzar, Grandson to Nebuchadnezzar ; the Babylonians trusting to their mighty Walls, and strong Fortifications ; in their Carousing and Drunkenness, were Surprized by the Enemy ; who having drained the River, waded down the Channel into the City in the Night Season ; and altho' Cyrus did not Demolish it ; yet it fell into a Gradual decay ; in the Reign of Darius the Assyrians Rebell'd, making Babylon the Seat of their Empire ; the King being Enraged, because he could not take it, Zoroastrophorus one of his Favourites, caused his Body to be Torn and Mangled ; and hasting to Babylon, told them that Darius had thus abused him, Desiring help of them to be Revenged on the Tyrant ; who trusting him with an Army, for that purpose, Betrayed it to the Persians, and Babylon was again brought into Subjection to the Persian Empire ; Darius Codomannus made it his Residence, after the two Overthrows given him by Alexander the Great ; and where he Gathered in his Recruits, for the last fatal Engagement, Alexander himself had his last Residence in

Surprizing faith, that could Relinquish all;
 In strict Obedience, to the Heavenly call;
 One distant Glimpse, of that Transforming Sight;
 Ravish'd them with such Rapturous delight,
 Their new born Souls, no longer could be fed,
 With fading Pleasures, or with Earthly Bread.

Babylon; being Poisoned in a Drunken Fit, by Thesalus and his Sons.

Babylon was afterwards and last of all taken by Selutius Nicanor, Successor to Alexander, in the Kingdom of Syria: who afterwards built a City on the Tygres; which he called Selucia; after his own Name: Milton says it stood upon that Spot of Ground, upon which the Terrestrial Paradise was Situated: almost Surrounded by the Tygris and Eupherates. Howbeit the building of this City, Completed the Ruining Old Babylon: for Selucius draining the Inhabitants out of Babylon, to People his new City, and the River Euphrates Overflowing, laid part of it under Water, and turned the rest into desolate Islands. Then was the Prophecy of Isaiah, and Jeremiah, Litterally Fulfilled; Isaiah chap. 13. Verse 21 and 22. Jeremiah 51. and 37. That Babylon should become a Cage of Unclean Birds, Ravenous Beasts, and Poisonous Serpents; as Sir Richard Blackmore discants upon it.

*And in their lofty Rooms of State,
 Where Cringing Sycophants did wait;
 Dragons shall ell, and hungry Wolves shall howl,*

Such Elevating Postures of the Mind,
 From all the Dregs, of Earth, and Sence Refin'd,
 Sets Man above himself, Allures the Sight,
 With Copious Views, of Infinite delight.
 Will this Transforming Vision Represent ;
 Such Beautiful Conceptions to Content,
 The Patient *Pilgrim*, thro' the Stormy Road ;
 Will these Preludian Messages Afford !
 Such sweet Delights, what will Th' Enjoyment bring !
 T'will make the Rich Triumphant Heirs to Sing ;

With

*In Courts before, by mighty Lords possess ;
 The Serpent shall Erect, his Speckled breast,
 Or fold his Circling spires to rest.*

Babylon for Pride, Luxury, and Witchcraft, was
 Compar'd to Sodom : And the Antitipe of the Anti-
 christian Hierachy, in the Church of Rome. Sodom has
 Received a Remarkable Instance, of its Sins, and Plagues,
 in the Asphaltites, in which no Creature can live, Baby-
 lon has Received as Remarkable a one ; in being a Recepticle,
 of Doleful, Noxious, and Poisonous Creatures ; in which
 no human Creature will Adventure to live. Babylon
 from its first Foundation, to its final Dissolution, Conti-
 nued about 18 Hundred Years.

The Babylon now in the Hands of the Turks, is ma-
 ny Leagues distant from the Ruins of Old Babylon.

With Joyful Extasies the boundless Grace ;
 With minds Inspir'd, to view with open Face ;
 Such pleasing Objects, with Transporting Pleasure ;
 No time can waste, nor its Duration Measure :
 No thought can Grasp, no Artful Tongue declare ;
 What the Unseen, Substantial Glories are.
 The darling Heirs, tho' in the Worlds esteem,
 Appear so Despicable, Poor, and Mean,
 Which through some blind, Erronious Misconceit ;
 They count the Troublers, of the publick state ;
 By Heavens Decrees, are in rich mercy sent ;
 Or to Retard the Judgment, or prevent
 The dreadful Stroke of Vengeance, drawing near ;
 Unless Prevented by the fervent prayer,
 Of some Prevailing Intercessors who ;
 Could stop the Hand, or ward the fatal Blow ;
 Avert the Wrath, or Mitigate the Pain ;
 And make the frowning Heavens, to smile again,

The great Eternal being to his Friend,
 Did in a gracious Vision Condescend ;
 To shew the large Extent, the Royal grant,
 To such a Favourite, the chosen Saint ;
 From whom all future Blessings should Proceed ;
 To all the Heirs of Grace, the faithful Seed,
 Which should in all Successive Ages come,
 To their own native Rest, the Blissful home ;
 Where Slaves in Bondage, when by Grace set free ;
 Triumph in that Jocundious Jubilee,

Of Peace and Joy, and Satisfying Pleasure ;
 The sacred fund of Everlasting Treasure ;
 Presented to the View, the hopeful Sight,
 'Ere long Regal'd, with Infinite delight.
 So must the Pleasant Land, and Type of Heaven ;
 To these Adopted Heirs, be freely given ;
 But 'ere the Pleasant Land can be Enjoy'd ;
 The rude Inhabitants must be Destroy'd :
 Must *Shems* blest Race, with *Hams* curs'd Boobies dwell ;
 Can Heaven born Heirs, Care for the Sons of Hell ?
 Can horrid Darknes, mix with purest Light,
 Can *Sheep* and *Swine*, can *Hawks* and *Doves* Unite ?
 Nor can a more Averse Distinction be,
 Whose very Natures, are Antipathy.

BUT 'ere the fatal Overthrow be given,
 The Genuine Heir, and Favourite of Heaven,
 Must be Inform'd, the Sovereign Judge declares ;
 The dreadful Scene, the Patient *Patriarch* hears,
 Implores divine Compassion may Prevent,
 At least Retard the dreadful Punishment ;
 By Heavens Indulgence, now the Plagues are stay'd,
 And threatned Judgments, for a while delay'd.
 Says the Indulgent Condescending God ;
 I'll first Chastise, with my Correcting Rod ;
 My Creatures are my Power, when e're I give,
 Commission to their Wills, they'll rise and move ;
 At my Appointment, as directly sent,
 Or to Inflict a Judgment, or Prevent,

Impending Miserys, I'll now prepare,
 The dreadful Engines, of Destructive War ;
 Try if this Scourge, will humble and reform ;
 Their Stubborn wills, that so they may return ;
 With Penitential Cries, to seek my Face,
 Prevent their Ruin, and obtain my Grace ;
 Such Contrite Souls, I never will despise ;
 That Offer such a pleasing Sacrifice.
 But if their Stubborn Hearts, will Persevere ;
 My Invitation, Slight, nor Threatnings fear ;
 If no Chastisement, will their Lusts Restrain,
 And all Designing Methods, prove in Vain ;
 Then Justice must Succeed, Destruction come,
 And Fire Eternal be the Sinners Doom.
 From distant † *Persia*, now the Regal Seat ;
 Of some Tyranick King, Prophanely Great ;

E 2

The

† “ Although no Prophane History, Relating to
 “ *Persia*, reaches down to this time ; yet we may sup-
 “ pose this to be some Powerful Monarch : Mr. Henry
 “ thinks the *Persians* had Erected a Colony, in these
 “ remote Parts ; whereby they kept these lesser States
 “ in awe ; but upon their revolt they brought this great
 “ Power against them, to reduce them to Obediance :
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The dreadful Storm of Vengeance first arose ;
 A Numerous Host, of Fierce Rapacious Foes :
 The Neighbouring Kings, with *Elams* Powers Combine,
 In this Voracious Expedition Joyn ;

The

“ *Cresus*, the Rich and Mighty King of *Lyddia* ; he
 “ afterwards took *Babylon* ; being very Success-
 “ ful, not only in the Beginning, but throughout the
 “ whole Course of his Reign ; till at last, making War
 “ with *Tomris*, Queen of *Scythia* ; she brought him into
 “ an Ambushment, and cut him off ; together with 200
 “ Thousand Men ; so that there was not one left, to
 “ carry the News, and cutting off *Cyrus's* Head,
 “ threw it into a Tub of Blood ; saying, Satisfie thy
 “ self with Blood ; which thou hast thirsted after, *Cam-*
 “ *byses* his Son, Succeeded in the Empire ; who added
 “ Egypt to his Dominion, after which the *Persian*
 “ Kings giving themselves up to Sloth, and Idleness ;
 “ never Perform'd any thing worthy of Note, Suffering
 “ the *Grecians*, that Politick, and War like Nation, to
 “ make Incurfions upon them ; till at last, they gained
 “ the whole Empire ; the *Athenians* with eleven Thou-
 “ sand Men, beat an Army of *Persians*, headed by *Da-*
 “ *rius* ; of 400 Thousand ; to Revenge which, *Xerxes*
 “ his Son, raised an Army of ten Hundred Thousand
 “ but upon their first Entry into *Greece*, *Leonidas* King of
 “ *Lacedemonia*, in the straights *Xamle*, fought them
 “ with

The Sprightful *Marcus*, Marshals the several Bands,
 With Sparkling Eyes, give their severe Commands,
 To all the Martial Furies, to prepare,
 The dreadful Engines, of Destructive War.

With

“ with four Thousand ; for three Days together, killing a
 “ vast Number of the *Persians* ; but hearing the *Per-*
 “ *sians* had got over the Mountain, he drew off his
 “ Men ; but being told by the Oracle, that the King
 “ of *Lacademonia* must Die ; or the City could not be
 “ sav’d : he with six Hundred Resolute Men, Resolv-
 “ ing to Die for the good of their Country ; broke
 “ into the Camp of the *Persians*, in the Night ; Over-
 “ turning all things that were in their way : and Con-
 “ tinued the Fight till the greater Part of the next Day ;
 “ at length, not being Conquered, but weary of Con-
 “ quering, they fell down Dead, in the midst of the
 “ Heaps, of their Enemies.

“ The *Grecians* having been at the Oracle, to know
 “ the Event of the War, were told they must seek for
 “ their safety, in Wooden Walls ; which they Interpre-
 “ ted must be their Ships ; they got all their Provi-
 “ sions, and Treasures on Shipboard, leaving their E-
 “ nemies nothing, but the bare Walls : so that vast
 “ Multitudes dying of Famine ; caused *Xerxes* to re-
 “ tire homewards, but finding the Bridge broke, he made
 “ at *Abbados* ; he was forc’d to pass over the narrow Sea-
 “ in

With willing Mind the Tutor'd Vassals rise,
 To Propagate, the awful Sacrifice :
 The dreadful scene begun, the Monsters Rove ;
 From Coast, to Coast, the flying Squadrons move,
Ravage

“ in a small Fisher Boat ; with great Danger of his
 “ Life : The Army he left under *Mardonius*, was beat
 “ by the *Grecians* ; and *Themistocles* the *Grecian* Admi-
 “ ral, beat the *Persian* Fleet upon the Sea : so that ve-
 “ ry few, of all this great Multitude Escaped home in
 “ safety : but the *Grecians* Instead of Pursuing the Vic-
 “ tory ; Engaged themselves in Civil Wars, the *Athe-*
 “ *nians* and *Lacedemonians*, the two great States at *Greece*,
 “ calling in the rest to their Assistance, till after a long
 “ and bloody War by Sea, and Land, *Athens* was taken,
 “ their common Wealth Destroyed ; and the *Lacedemo-*
 “ *nians* became Lords of *Greece*, but the *Thebans* under
 “ the Conduct of that Famous and Renowned Captain,
 “ and *Philosopher*, *Epimonidas*, overthrew the state of
 “ the *Lacedemonians* ; and wrested the Sovereignty out
 “ of their Hands, but soon after the death of *Epimonidas*,
 “ *Philip* King of *Macedon* ; Conquered all the States
 “ of *Greece* : And being now become the greatest Prince
 “ that ever Reign'd in *Europe* ; he Transplanted the
 “ Nations, from one Country to another ; as a Drove
 “ drives his Cattle, from one Pasture to another : work-
 “ ing

Ravage and Plunder, Murder, and Destroy;
 The savage Bruits, their Martial Arts Employ;
 Deaths in their Various shapes and streams of Blood
 Stain the wide Surface with a Crimfon Flood ;

The

“ ing all things at his own Will and Pleasure : Intend.
 “ ing to Invade the *Perſian* Empire, he ſent his Army
 “ before, ſtaying to Celebrate a Marriage, betwixt his
 “ Daughter *Cleopatra*, and *Alexander* King of *Egypt* :
 “ as he was walking betwixt his Son, and Son-in-law ;
 “ one of his Familiar Friends gave him a Mortal
 “ Wound, which put an End to his Life. *Alexander*
 “ his Son goes on with the War againſt the *Perſians*,
 “ having an Army of thirty fix Thouſand, he paſſed
 “ over the *Helleſpont* ; and with this handful of Men,
 “ Engages the Army of *Darius*, of ſix Hundred Thou-
 “ ſand ; giving them three great Overthrows ; in the laſt
 “ Engagement, as *Darius* was Flying away, he was
 “ wounded to Death, by his own Familier Friend ; *A-*
 “ *lexander* coming up at the ſame time, wept over him ;
 “ *Darius* with his dying Breath deſired him to do Juſtice
 “ upon his Murderers ; he Bequeathed his Daughter *Rox-*
 “ *ana* to *Alexander*, which he took to Wife, and cauſed
 “ *Darius* to be Honourably Buried in the Tomb of his
 “ Anceſtors. And *Perſepolis*, the Metropolis of *Per-*
 “ *ſia*, Replenish'd with the Riches of the Eaſtern part
 “ of the World, was ſacked by the *Grecians* ; and Re-
 “ ceived the ſame fate, which *Babylon* and *Niniveh* had
 “ done before, *Sic tranſit gloria Mundi.*

The Mangled Corps in gasty Postures lye,
 The Scatter'd Remnants to their Cities fly,
 Persu'd by Monstrous Bruits, nor there can rest
 But with Outragious Violence Opprest ;
 Their Forts Assail'd, their Walls are Batter'd down,
 Their Treasures Sack'd, their Structures overthrown,
 The Ravish'd Matrons, Mourn the Woeful Sight,
 Of Breathless Infants once their dear delight !
 Desflowred Maids, with flowing Tears bewail
 Their wretched Fate, but Tears will not avail ;
 Made Subject to their Conquerors will they must,
 Be Subject to their Slav'ry, or their Lust ;
 But Lust and Avarice, will ne're be stay'd
 By all the Plentiful Provisions made,
 Like to the boundless Sea, which will Receive
 The Rich Supplys the flowing Rivers give ;
 Not satisfy'd with her Redundant Store,
 Is never fill'd, but always Craving more.

The Conquering Kings have yet before their Eyes,
 A far more Rich Enticing Enterprize,
Sodom shall now the fatal Vengeance find,
 For whom this Expedition was design'd ;
 Allarmed with the Milerable fate,
 The Massacres, and Rapines which of late
 Were Perpetrated, by the Foreign Foe,
 Expecting they themselves must Undergoe,
 The Sharper Vengeance for their late Revolt,
 Which form'd the great Unexpiable Fault ;

Unless

Unless by base Obediance they'l Asswage,
 The lawless Motions of the Tyrants Rage;
 Give all their Rights and Properties away,
 As banded Slaves their forc't Obediance pay;
 But can their haughty Spirits now Submit!
 Who are become so Prosperous and Great?
 The five *Imperial* Cities all Combine,
 Draw out their Forces, and together Joyn,
 With all their Power, with all their Art prepare,
 To meet th' Invading Foes, with open War!
 Marshal their Army, and provoke the Fight,
 Th' Advancing Foes Amazed at the Sight,
 With doubtful Care, they now Preponderate,
 Aray'd they for, the dreadful Orders wait.

Cbederlaomer to Exasperate,
 His Martial Parasites, to Vindicate,
 His Injured Honour now his Silence brake,
 With haughty Voice, the Angry Monarch spake;
 Ye Martial Heroes, by whose Powerful Aid,
 We have this glorious Expedition made;
 No Power hath yet been able to withstand,
 Our Conquering Arms, the Vict'ries we have gain'd,
 Have so Enrich'd us, that our worldly state,
 Is now become, Illustrious and Great;
 Yet still we may Increase our wordly Store,
 And to the weigh ty Bulk, may yet add more;
 Since what we've gain'd already, wont Suffice,
 We have before us yet, a greater Prize:

Yon Rebels who now meet us in the Field,
 Did twelve full Years, their due Obediance yield ;
 Grown Rampant now, they trust, they can Procure,
 Their Liberty, no longer they'l Endure ;
 To live as Subjects, to a Foreign State,
 They'r now become so Insolent and Great :
 These Drones who Squander all their time away ;
 In Careless Negligence, or wanton Play,
 Effeminate themselves, with soft delights ;
 Or feasts their own Voracious Appetites ;
 Will these Impared Sots, pretend to Fight,
 Who spend the Volvous Terms, of Day and Night !
 In Riot and Excess, the sure decay
 Of Martial Vigour ; lets no longer stay,
 Advance your Standards, tread the Rebels down,
 Their Goods, and Treasures then, shall be your own.

The *Sodomites* the fatal Vengeance feel ;
 Their Enemies, with Rage and Fury kill ;
 By force persu'd, the fainting Dastards fall,
 And *Siddim* turn'd, to *Armagedons* Vale :
 'Ore all the Martial Plain, the wounded Lye,
 The Scatter'd Remnanis, to the Mountains fly ;
 Leave all their worldly Substance, to the will,
 Of Conquering Tyrants, who have Power to kill,
 Their dear Familiars, or to Captivate,
 To whose Disposals they must now Submit.
 The glorious Ornaments, the Rich Supplies ;
 Ravish the Plunderers, whilst their craving Eyes

Still make a stricter Search, for hidden Store ;
 The Captive Slaves, with weeping Eyes Implore,
 Compassion may be shown, but no Relief
 Can be Obtain'd, to Palliate their Grief ;
 Their Persons, and their Substance, made a Prey ;
 From their own native Soil, are forc't away,
 Leave their desired Home with weeping Eyes,
 Allarmed with the shrill Sonorous Noise ;
 Of lowing *Herd*s, and Flocks of bleating *Sheep* ;
 In Sympathizing Dolor ; seem to weep ;
 The dolesome Noise, of this Tumultuous Rout ;
 Allarums all the Region round about ;
 Upon the Rappid Wings of flying fame,
 To *Abraham* the woeful Tidings came ;
 The Persevant declares the dreadful Fight,
 The woeful Slaughter, and the shameful Flight,
 Many made Captives, and amongst the rest,
 Your dear Relation, and our friendly Guest,
 Is made a Prisoner, I am sorely griev'd ;
 That we of such a Neighbour are Bereav'd ;
 His Character, will never be forgot,
 The Neighbours us'd to call him, honest *Lott* ;
 The Plunderers now, are Sporting on the Plain,
 Enrich'd, and Pamper'd, with their Theiveish Gain ;
 These haughty Souls are Careless and Secure,
 Could we some friendly Helpers, now Procure ;
 By hasty Marches, then we quickly might,
 Put all our heedless Enemies to Flight ;

Recover all our Goods, the Captives free ;
And set our broken State, at Liberty.

The *Patriarch* with Expedition sends ;
To all his Intimate Confederate Friends ;
In *Mamre, Eschol, Aner*, who Agree,
To join their Forces, and Attempt to free,
Their Miserable Neighbour, now distressed,
With all Prevailing Miseries Opprest.
Equipt and Furnish'd, no remiss delay,
Must their Necessitating Journey stay :
Like fierce Intrepid Lyons, brave and bold ;
No Numerous Foes, or threatening Dangers could,
Restrain their Generous Anger : strongly bent,
To Persevere, in this their kind Intent :
Tramp o'er the Downs, the Towing Mountains scale ;
With Rappid force, their heedless Foes Assail :
In wild Amaze, the Trembling host arose ;
Surpriz'd, and Slaughter'd, by Revenging Foes :
Confus'd and broke, the Scatter'd Legions fly,
Or by the Tallion Law, expect to dye :
Leave their ill gotten Treasures, all behind ;
No Rest, nor Ease, nor place of Refuge find ;
Nor dare renew the Fight, nor dare to stay ;
With fearful Apprehensions, hast away :
Nor think themselves in safety, till they come,
Within the Confines, of their native home ;
The Joyful Captives, now with Grateful Tongues
Assume their Freedom, with Triumphant Songs,

Now

Now the Returning Captives, must dispose,
 The Lawless Booties, of Rapacious Foes :
 The Royal Fugitives, with all their Train,
 Descend the Mountains, and return again ;
 To meet their faithful Friends, and Testifie ;
 A Grateful sence, of their Delivery.

Now does kind *Heaven*, its gracious aids afford ;
 The Captives, and the Goods, are all Restor'd ;
 Freed from the Dangers of Destructive War,
 With Chearful Hearts, the several Tribes Repair,
 To their Possessions, but Destructive Peace,
 Begins their Ruin, as their goods Increase ;
 So do their Vices, with their Riches grow ;
 And filthy Streams, in Torrents Overflow,
 The fruitful Land ; Lust, Idleness, and Pride ;
 The daring Sins, which now for Vengeance Cry'd ;
 Thus do the Lawless Race, of brutish Men ;
 Receive their Blessings, to be Curs'd again.
 Whilst in their deep Distress, with fervent Cries,
 They seek to Heaven, for help with weeping Eyes ;
 Confess their Faults, and promise to amend ;
 But when they have, the gracious Blessings gain'd :
 Like Vile Ungrateful Rebels, they Repeat,
 Their horrid Crimes, with more Impetuous heat .
 As the *Hydapsis*, in her watry Den ;
 When Rofsling *Hybems*, Putrifys the Fenn ;
 In Silent Slumbers then, the harmless Beast ;
 No Spleen Discovers, in her Ouzy Nest :

The

The piercing Chill, her volent Act Restrains,
 The Innate Rancour, bound in Frigged Chains;
 Till by the Heat, of the Revolving Spring;
 She'l Rouse, and hiss, and Dart, her fatal Sting.

Ingratitude the great Provoking Fault,
 Acted by *Devils*, in their first revolt!
 And afterwards, Repeated or'e again,
 Through their Perswasion, by the first of Men:
 Since then Vile Men, Repeat this horrid Crime;
 Through all the Ages, of Succeeding Time;
 But *Sodoms* Sins, take in the deepest die;
 Whose horrid Crimes, aloud for Vengeance Cry;
 In Idleness, and Ease, they live secure,
 Nor can their sensual Appetites Endure
 The hateful Discipline, that would Restrain
 Their dear delights, the Mortifying Pain,
 Is worse than Death, so Natural and so Sweet;
 Are Sympathising Candors, when they meet;
 With all the smiling Gales, of soft delight,
 Which yield such Charming Objects, to the Sight;
 Bind the Affections, Viciate the will;
 Foment their Lusts, in Order to Fulfill
 The Baneful Sweets, of Sensitive delight,
 Indulg'd and Rais'd, to the Supreamest height;
 Which by Continued acts, they must Repeat,
 To make the fading Pleasures, more Compleat;
 Yet still their Rageing Lusts, are more Increas'd;
 Rational Minds, Transform'd to Sensual Beasts;

Nay

Nay more than Brutish, Monsters in their Kind ;
 To all Unnatural Filthiness Inclined :
 The Rampant Letchers, Studiously Invent ;
 Some viler Titulations, to Content,
 Their Monstrous Cravings, which the more they strive ;
 To Gratify, the nearer they Arrive,
 To natural *Devils* ; who can gladly see ;
 Their lively Image, to the last degree
 In Man, the Subject of their Mortal hate,
 Who now Rejoice, that their Impending Fate
 Is hastning on ; the Raging furies strive ;
 With all the Artful Methods, to deprive,
 The Lustful Monsters, of their natural Light,
 Foment their Fancies, to the Monstrous Height
 Of Impudence, and with Insulting Pride,
 To Justify their Actions, and Deride
 Celestial Powers ; and openly Declare,
 No longer they'll be aw'd, by Slavish fear :
 Nor be Control'd, their own Imperious will,
 Shall be the Guide of all their Actions, till
 † Revenging Justice, gives the fatal blow ;
 And blasts them with a dreadful Overthrow :

† *This History seems to be painted out by Ovid, in his
 Metamorphosis, (Lib. 1.) when the Poets Describing the
 Wickedness of these former Ages ; and Particularly in the
 Family, or Household, of Licaon ; (which seems to Re-
 semble*

Vindictive Justice now is coming on,
 And Rebels must Receive their fatal Doom ;
 The Sentence now is past, the Judgment Seal'd ;
 And Sodoms Doom, is once again Reveal'd ;

seemble Sodom in several Instances ;) first by Jupiters sending a Messenger, to Reclaim them from their Wickedness ; which may be Applyed to Righteous Lotts, going to Sojourn amongst the Sodomites ; Secondly by Jupiters threatning them, for the abuse of the Warning given them, and Declaring the Danger, that pious Souls were in, by living amongst them :

*Sunt Mibi Semidei, sunt Rustici Numina fauni ;
 Et Nymphice, Satyrique, et Monticolce Sylvani ;
 Ansatis Osuperitutos fore Creditis illos ;
 Cum mibi qui fulmen qui vos habeo queregoque :
 Struxerit Infidias notus feritate Lycaon.
 I have half Gods, I have Country Deities &c. can these live safe amongst them :*

Thirdly, in Lycaon Sacrificing the Messenger sent to Reclaim them, from their Wickedness ; in spight of the God, who sent him ; which may be Apply'd to their Designed Destruction of Lot ; and their Villanous Attempts upon the Angels.

*Experiar deus hic Discrimine Aperto
 An sit Mortalis, nec erit Dubitabile Signum :*

To the beloved *Patriarch*, who Repeats;
 His humble Supplications, and Intreats
 The Sovereign Judge, his Mercies would bestow;
 On Numerous Sinners, for the pious few :
 If such there may be found, with fervent Cries ;
 The humble Saint, in Prostrate Posture lyes ;
 With due Submission, says the humble Saint,
 I now Intreat, great Sovereign thou wilt grant ;

G

These

*Nocte gravem somno nec opina perdere morte :
 Me parat hec illi placet Experientia veri.*

*He see says he, by some Unquestionable Proof, whether he
 be a God or no, and Immediately lays a Plot to Murder
 him, when asleep ; this Impious Curiosity bears some Re-
 semblance to that of the Sodomites, with respect to the
 Angel. Fourthly, in the dreadful Overthrow, and that
 by a Terrible Conflagration ; for Lycabon to insult and
 try his Guest, having killed an Hostage sent to his Court,
 by the Molohans ; served up his Limbs, part Roasted,
 and part Boiled, to be Presented to the God, for his Sup-
 per ; upon which he Relates what followed.*

*Quos Simul Imposuit mensis Ego Vindice flamma,
 In Dominum dignos everti testa Penates :
 Frus una domus periit, sed non domus una perire ;
 Digna fuit.
 One House Perished, but more than one deserv'd it.*

These Sinners may be spar'd, oh let them live ;
 LORD Lengthen out thy Patience, and Forgive ;
 Their horrid Crimes, if yet there may be found,
 Some pious Souls, O let thy Grace abound ;
 That these Unhappy Mortals yet may find,
 Thou art a God, both Merciful and Kind ;
 Or let the gracious promise thou hast made,
 To me, and mine, in Kindness, be delay'd ;
 My worldly Interest, I'd Resign to free,
 These Sinners from, the dread Catastrophe.

But no kind Intercessions can Prevail,
 The dreadful Sentence, now is past Recall ;
 To the kind Advocate, the Judge Reply'd,
 Thine Interceding suit, must be deny'd ;
 Yet with a kind Regard, I well Approve,
 Thy tender Pity, and Compassionate Love :
 Its my Intention, and my great design,
 To give the Flowing Land, to thee and thine ;
 When the Appointed time is fully come,
 You shall Receive it as your lasting home :
 With due Submission, you till then must wait ;
 In this Unconstant, and Uncertain State :
 The gracious Promises, shall be Fulfill'd,
 In the Appointed Season, which shall yield
 Such Satisfying Pleasures, as shall best,
 Prepare you for an Everlasting Rest.
 But to these daring Rebels, I'll Reveal,
 My Flameing Wrath, my Hand shall make them feel ;
 What

What Power and Force, my Armed Justice hath;
 On those who daringly Provoke my Wrath:
 I'll soon Convince them, by a Powerful Sign,
 And make them own, my Power to be Divine:
 Cease to Implore, leave me to Vindicate
 Mine Injured Honour; their Malicious hate
 Shall Terminate, in their Confused fall,
 I'll them Confound, and Triumph o'er them all:
 By my Vindictive Power, I'll pierce them through!
 With such a Firce, and fatal Overthrow;
 Shall make them dreadful Monuments to all,
 That in Successive Times, hereafter shall
 Envy my Glory, and Oppose my Power,
 Such Floods of Vengeance, on them I will shower;
 That shall Engulph them, in the boundless Sea,
 Of Flaming Wrath, Sulphurous Flames shall be,
 The Product of their Curst Apostacy,
 To all the Ages of Eternity.

The humble *Patriarch* makes no more Appeals,
 But with a Silent Resignation Yields,
 To the Divine Disposals, no Delay,
 Must now the just Tremendous Judgment stay.
 Two Powerful Agents, are directly sent,
 To Execute the dreadful Punishment;
 At *Sodom* they Arrive, but something late;
 When pious *Lot*, was sitting at the Gate,
 Allured at the Sight, with fixed Eyes,
 He views the Strangers, with a sweet Surprise;

Such honest Faces, he had never seen,
 Such smiling Beauties, nor such sober Men ;
 Since he in *Sodom* made, his first abode,
 They seem'd so kind, Benificent and good ;
 He Earnestly Intreats, they'l be so kind,
 To make his House their Home, where they should find,
 The kindest Entertainment, and the best,
 Hee'l Willingly prepare, a Sumptuous Feast ;
 And should be glad, if they would be so free,
 To Hon'r him with their Grateful Company.
 Perswaded by their Hospitable Friend,
 Who does by all Obliging ways attend,
 His friendly Guests, by whose Perswasions they,
 Give their Consent, with honest *Lot* to stay.
 The *Sodomites* allured with the Sight,
 Of such Surprizing Beauties, in the Height,
 Of Rageing Lust, Unanimously agree,
 To Act the most Infandious Villany.
 With Rage, and Insolence, the Hellish Rout,
 Call upon *Lot*, to turn the Strangers out ;
 That they may know them, satiate and Fulfill,
 The foul Desires, of their Impetuous Will ;
 These shameless Sinners, will no Reasons hear
 Nor can their Proud, Insulting Spirits bear,
 The mild Intreaties, of a faithful Friend ;
 Whose Innocent Demeanours, can't defend,
 From their Outragious Violence, but in Vain ;
Are all their Strivings, and Mischievous Pain :

In vain they spend, their foul Malignant Breath !
 Threatning pious *Lot*, with cruel death :
 The Squallid Vassals, now are stricken Blind ;
 To all Mischievous Violence Inclined,
 They Rage, and Ramble, with Infernal Rore,
 And weary out themselves, to find the Door ;
 Till their Exhausted Spirits, Faint and Tired,
 They Grumble out their Curses, and Retire,
 In fearful Slumbers, dose away the Night,
 Till Flames awake them, with Tormenting Light.

The Bruits are Disappointed, of their Prey,
 The Purblind Evening Star, weary of the Day ;
 Begins his well known Progress, now to run ;
 And shades Engulph, the Occidental Sun :
 Now sporting Animals, have left their Play,
 And gloomy Shades, eat up the yielding Day ;
 Couch'd in their Dens, the Beasts securely Sleep,
 The Fowls are Perch'd, and Stragling Insects Creep
 Into their separate Caverns, all at Rest,
 And pious *Lot*, with all his Household blest ;
 By Guardian Angels, who are kindly sent,
 To favour, and Protect, the Innocent ;
 To Execute the Judgments, when decreed,
 But now are sent, with Expeditious Speed
 To burn these Sinners, Wallowing in the Mire,
 Not with Refining, but Consuming Fire ;
 They warn their friendly Host, to hast away,
 From this Accursed City, nor to stay,

Within

Within the Bounds, of this Polluted Land ;
 Nor stop, nor stay, nor rest, till he has gain'd,
 A place of Refuge, where he may Retire ;
 To scape the Vengeance, of this dreadful Fire,
 Say the kind Angels if you would Improve,
 The present Season in the dearest Love ;
 Go tell thy dear Relations, that they may,
 Escape the Vengeance, of the dreadful Day ;
 If they'll receive Instruction, and believe,
 They shall the Gracious Benefits Receive :
 But if they neither will Believe, nor Trust,
 The Threatning Judgments, are both sure and Just,

The Charitable *Patriarch*, hasts away,
 To warn his dear Relations, not to stay ;
 But go with him, that all may take their Flight,
 The only Season, was the present Night :
 The City would, the next Succeeding Day,
 Be all in Flames, if they be wise they may
 Prevent their Ruin, by a timely Care ;
 But they with Patience, can no longer hear
 The hateful News, nor yield to Slavish fear ;
 Nor will believe, the Judgments are so near.
 Thus Scornful Sinners, will Ungrateful prove :
 And render hatred, for the greatest Love.

The faithful Messenger, in hast Returns,
 With Zealous care, his active Spirit burns :
 To save his Household, but the Dangerous snare,
 Is how they may, with Diligence Prepare ;

For their Intended Journey, and to save;
 Their worldly Substance, they are loath to leave;
 Their worldly Goods, and Treasures, all behind,
 To which they are, too Earnestly Inclined,
 But whilst they Linger with a needless stay,
 Their kind Conductors, carry them away;
 And by a kind Compulsion, set them free,
 No more to Enter, or desire to see
 That filthy City, now to be abhor'd,
 To be Destroy'd, no more to be Restor'd :
 Whose Execrations, are Denounced worse
 Then either *Jerico*, or *Babels* Curse :
 A dreadful Monument, and Type of Hell ;
 Where Damned Souls, the penal Vengeance feel ;
 Which they would ne're believe, till Pungent fence,
 Convinces by Tormenting Evidence.
 Freed from the Danger, they with hasty Flight ;
 Press forward to avoid, the hateful Sight,
 Of *Sodom* now, no more to be their home ;
 With Fear and Trembling, they to *Zoar* come :
 As Refuge, where they Protection find,
 Except the Female, who was left behind ;
 Who for an earnest look, and lusting fault,
 Was made a lasting Monument, of *Salt*.

Whilst I these Mournful Tragedies Relate,
 Fain would my Craving fancy, Recreate,
 It's Fluid Eolutions, with the Sight,
 Of some Refreshing Objects of delight ;

Let's

Let's in *Poetick Vision*, Represent,
 How the dark Shades of gloomy Night were Rent,
 And how the Gates were open, to let in,
 The flying Squadrons, which did first begin
 To Rally ; when beneath the Milky way ;
 Great Morning Star, *Lucifer* Appears in bright Aray ;
 With Glittering Shield, the active Persivant,
 Which from great *Sols*, Majestick Court was sent ;
 To pierce the gloomy Shoals, and ope the way,
 Bids Night adieu, and Ushers in the Day :
 Wheels off his shining Rigments, when behold ;
Aurora's Troops, with Rappid force Unfold
 Their Flaming Ensign, with Illustrious Ray ;
 The yielding Clouds, Disperse and sink away :
 The Fulgient Beams, in Gradual Motions come ;
 Japan the Horizon, with a Rosie Bloom :
 The Air, and Earth, and all the distant Sky,
 Is Varnish'd over, with a Crimson Dye.
 In whose bright Looms, the Tapistrys are Wove,
 To Regalize, the fair *Elifan Grove* ;
 For *Titan*, who Triumphant now Succeeds,
 His Conquering Chariot, drawn by Fiery Steeds :
 Whose brasen Lungs, belch out Lucturious Flame,
 Range 'ore the wide, Crepusculating Plain ;
 Before whose Fiery Breath, the Shadows Fly,
 In pale Convulsions, all sink down and Dye.
 Thro' all the Regions, of the azure Sky,
 The Scattering Beams, in Radiant Spangles fly ;

To Beautify the Earth, the kind Display,
 And glorious Vision, of Succeeding Day :
 When brutal Animals, awake from Sleep,
 And Insects, from their several Caverns Creep,
 The Chanting Birds Inspir'd, with Fluttering Wings
 Their nat'ral Harmonies, prepare to Sing :
 Like Poets they, in lofty Themes delight,
 Their Numbers, Pauses, Accents, fixed right ;
 None Superadd a Note, or break a Line,
 But to their several Methods, so Confine
 Their warbling Songs, that all may plainly see,
 They act by some Surprising Sympathy :
 Each Different kind, have their Peculiar way
 From which they never Err, they never stray :
 And for their several Functions, Qualify'd,
 Without a Tutor, President, or Guide ;
 Some wiser Agent then, must tune their Notes,
 And slide the Song, through their Harmonious Throats.

So clear the Air, so bright the rising Sun,
 The blanded Symptoms, of a glorious Noon ;
 Yet when Unseen Events, block up the way,
 A Sunshine Morn, oft proves a rainy Day ;
 Which Sodom by a dreadful token found,
 When gloomy Shades, did Instantly Surround
 The fruitful Region, and began to Pour,
 With rappid Violence, a fatal Shower ;
 Of flameing Sulpher, from the boiling Cloud,
 Whilst Ferrible Tornadoes, rore Aloud,

The Sinners wake, Affrighted with the Flame,
 With Shrieks, and Crys, they strive, but all in Vain ;
 Their own Contracted Miseries, to shun,
 Distracted they, in wild Confusion run,
 To seek a Shelter, from the Firey Storm,
 But find themselves Mistaken, and forlorn ;
 With *Phrygian* Wisdom, they are wise too late,
 A Case Deplorable, and Desperate.

The Judgment Day is come, Amazing Sight !
 All Dark and Gloom, but the pale Glimmering light,
 Of purple Flames, whose noisom stench Deprives ;
 The Rebel Sinners, of their Useless Lives.
 Their direful Corps, in Jacent Postures lye
 Whilst Fumes of Sulpher, from their Arteries fly,
 More dismal and Deform'd, the frightful Ghosts ;
 Are hurried down, t'wards the Infernal Coasts ;
 Dragg'd by foul *Demons*, to the awful Bar ;
 Laden with Guilt, all Horror and Despair,
 Those very *Devils*, who Inflam'd their Lust ;
 Do now betray, their Artificial trust,
 Now turn Informers, Engines of deceit,
 Who take Delight, to Frustrate and to Cheat ;
 Deluded Mortals, with a frightned Lye ;
 Then Glory, in their hellish Mystery.
 Thus did the fawning Monsters first begin ;
 The Worlds Destruction, with a guilded Sin,
 Thus were the *Sodomites*, betray'd and sell,
 Deceived by, the subtle Snares of Hell ;

Their

Their vile *Cadavers*, are to *Ashes* turn'd,
 Their *Treasures*, with their stately *Buildings* burn'd ;
 The *Conflagration*, with its fresh *Affault*,
 Enters within, the *Subterranean* *Vaults* :
 By whose *Impetuous*, and *Tremendious* *Rore*,
 *The *Curst* *Foundations*, are with *fury* *tore* ;
 From of their *Basis*, *Scattering* *Round* *about*,
 Like *Etna*, or *Vesuvius*, *Belching* *out*
 Their *Liquid* *Flames*, with such *Prodigious* *Noise* ;
 Like *Roaring* *Thunders*, in the *flameing* *Skies* .
 The *pleasant* *Land*, which was so *richly* *blest* ;
 Where all *Terrestrial* *Bounties*, were *Increase*,
 To the *Supreamest* *Height*, the *Fruits* and *Flowers* ;
 The *Mettle* *shades*, the *Artificial* *Bowers* ;
 The *Figs*, and *Vines*, with all the *Spicy* *Gums*,
Dispensing *Candours*, by their *rich* *Perfumes* ;
 Are all *Consumed*, by the *Fiery* *blast*,
 Nought now *Remains*, but a *Confused* *waste*.
 The four *Imperial* *Cities*, lately *Crown'd*,
 With *worldly* *Glorys*, where the *Grateful* *Sound* ;
 Of *Harps*, and *Viols*, did in *Consorts* *play*,
 To *Banish* all the *Guilty* *fears* *away* ;
 Their *Fabricks*, so *Illustrious* and *Great*,
 With all the *lofty* *Pyramids* of *state* ;

H 2

Are

* And when God overthrew the *Cities* of the *Plain*,
 Gen. 19. and 25.

Are Overthrown, the Ruinous heaps Proclaim,
 They now have lost their Glory, and their Name ;
 Old *Chaos*, in its Oblique shapes Appear'd,
 A well Compos'd Structure, if compar'd ;
 With this Confused heap, a Cavalry ;
 Of Stones, and Bones, the mangled Relicks lie,
 Confin'd in Brimstone Fire, Poluted more,
 With Sulphurous Flames, black Smoke, and slimy gore;
 The fierce Vulcanos, with Tremendious Rore,
 Burn up the Surface, to the Ouzy Shore :
 The Subterranean Fires, will not be stay'd,
 Till by their force, they have a Passage made ;
 Through *Jordans* Banks, from whose Tenacious Womb,
 The bulging Fluids, do with Terroures come.
 The Squemish Soil, with Vicious Fluids fill'd,
 Spews fourth its noisom Streams, whose Vapours yield ;
 Pestiferous fumes, the jarring Elements Fight,
 And with their fumes, and feuds, turn Day to Night :
 Amazing Sight, and fearful to behold,
 When boiling Tides, with fierce Convulsions roll'd ;
 Along the fiery Strand, the heated Caves,
 Like smoking Cauldrons Boil, the Poisonous Waves ;
 With rapid force, in frightful Torrents come,
 With headlong fury, drives th' Infectious foame.
 The Waters Congregate, Increase and spread,
 By *Jordans* streams, Successively are fed :
 Expand their raging Furies, more and more,
 Till all the distant Plains, are delug'd 'ore :

Confin'd at length, within the spacious bound,
 Which near a Thousand furlongs did Surround !
 The Floods Recoil, and by the Powerful Hand,
 Of the Imperial King, whose strict Command ;
 Bids the proud Wave, their fixed bounds to keep,
 Where *Sodom* now, lyes buried in the deep :
 A *Stigian* Lake, where stinking Niters meet ;
 To form a filthy Puddle, and complear,
 A *Mare Mortuum*, where the filthy stain,
 Of *Sodoms* Vices, do as yet Remain :
 To warn Succeeding Ages, to prevent,
 Th' Efficient cause, and fatal Punishment.

Near to the Brinks of that Infectious Flood,
 Where once great *Sodom*, and *Gomorrhah* stood ;
 Sprang up a pleasant Grove, of Trees, and Plants ;
 The Fruits Enammel'd with Allureing Paints ;
 Presenting their Peculiar Influence,
 To charm the Eyes, and please the craving sence ;
 Here fruitful Grapes, in Numerous Clusters grow,
 And painted Apples, make a spacious show :
 So tempting and so fair, the gilded Skin,
 Where Rottenness, and Dust, lie hid within :
 Such are the cheating Prospects, which are found,
 Through all the Coasts, of this Enchanted Ground :
 True Emblem of those fair, but false delights,
 By which the rude Unwary *Sodomites*
 Were Overthrown ; betray'd, seduc'd, and fell,
 And made a Victim, to the Powers of Hell.

A Beautious Apple, with a Rotten core,
 The lively Emblem, of a Painted Whore :
 He's truly blest, that can with scorn despise ;
 These sensual Baits, and with believing Eyes,
 Can view the sacred fund, of Everlasting Joys.

E L E G Y.

Now are the threatned Woes, Compleatly come,
 And *Sodom* has Receiv'd, her fatal Doom :
 A Tragedy without a President,
 Where no kind Friend, Remained to lament ;
 Her fatal Fall, all Buried in the deep,
 No Sympathizing Neighbour left to weep ;
 Or say here my dear Friends, and Kindred lye,
 The sad Remarks, of fatal Destiny ;
 I only am escap'd, to drop a Tear,
 And for their Sakes, these *Cyprian* Vestures wear.
 No Pompous Train of Mourners, to attend,
 The Funeral Pile, or Mourn her woeful end ;
 With Glittering Scutcheons, Flambeaus, Scarfs, and Lawns
 With sable Cloaks, and Sympathizing Groans ;
 With pensive and Dejective Countenance,
 Exerted by *Dolorus* Eloquence ;
 No wailing Women with their Blubering Eyes
 With fained Tears to Grace the Sacrifice ;
 Who can with Artful Grimace scruce the Face,
 And chant sad dittys to the Mournful Base ;
 No dolesome Minsterels, or toneing Bell,
 To Solomnize the Mournful Funeral ;

Instead of these, the fearful Tombs Array'd,
 With gloomy Vails, and 'dark Infernal Shades ;
 Where Specters Dance, in all their frightful shapes,
 Spit Fire, and Vapour, these Infernal Apes ;
 Affect within the Lonesome Cave, to dwell,
 With hollow Sounds, the Yawning Monsters yell ;
 † And in full Triumph Reign, within the gloomy Cell.
 Whence Stench, and Filth, and Noxious Vapours rise ;
 The horrid Cave, in gaping Language Crys ;
 Here lies the Great, Infernal Sacrifice.
 No Tongue, no Thought, nor Rhetoric, can Explore
 The direful scene, it was to say no more ;

A

† Deaths Tragedies, and Extraordinary Calamities
 were Solomnized in former Ages, with Artifical Mourn-
 ers, dolesome Musick, and Sackcloth, or Cyprian Atire-
 ment, Jeremiah 9. and 17- Verse. Call for the Mourn-
 ing Women, that they may come, call for the Cunning
 Women that they may come, Amos 5. and 16.

A dismal, and Compendious Tragedy,
 *A Perfect, a nd Compleat, Catastrophe.

THE

* *The Desolations which Happened to the most famous
 and Renowned Cities, Occasioned the Proverb,*
Troy was.

*It was Destroyed 708 Years, after Sodom, but ne-
 ver Rebuilt.*

*Fields richly drest with Corn, where once Troy stood,
 And the Lands, Fatted with the Phrygian Blood.*

*But the Judgments of God upon the wicked Inhabitants,
 ought more Especially to be Commemorated, as Warning
 to all Succeeding Ages, which brings to my Mind a Verse
 I saw Inscribed on the great Bell at Walsal, when taken
 down, and standing in the Church-Yard.*

Lugeo Defunctos moneo Precipere Vivos
 Which may be Englished thus.

*The dead I now bewail to those that live,
 I also do an awful Warning give.*

(65)
T H E
E P I L O G U E
O R
C O N C L U S I O N .

THROUGH all the scenes, of this dark Tragedy,
By clearest Reasons, we may plainly see !
That Pride, and Discontent, alone have been,
The raging Furies, which did first begin
The mortal Strife, Original and Root,
Of all Succeeding Plagues, the bitter Fruit ;
From whence all future Plagues, Propensly flow,
Or in their several Aggravations grow ;
The great Triumphant, and Prevailing Sin,
Which leads the other, raging furies in ;
When Pride must Rule, and fear no binding Law,
Nor will by Just Commands, be kept in awe ;
Then will the heedless Sycophant fulfil,
The Lawless Dictates, of Imperious will.

All you whose Minds, are fill'd with Discontent,
Who take your Duty, for your Punishment ;
Whose Spirits are so Arrogant and bold,
Like haughty Demons, will not be Controll'd ;

See what a brave Example, here you follow,
 You'll not be rul'd, but left alone to Wallow
 In your Unguided, and Unguarded way,
 Till you fall headlong, and your selves betray :
 Into some horrid Gulph, where you may lie,
 And weather out a curs'd Eternity.

Ye proud Insulting Mortals, who can Vaunt,
 And with a daring Impudence, Confront
 That awful being, by whose Power you live,
 By whose Donative Bounties, you receive
 Your Honours; like Ungrateful Devils prove,
 To render Hatred, for the greatest Love ;
 See what a Path, your heedless Feet have Trod,
 To Act a Devil, and to lose a God.
 View the Preceding Tragedy, and see,
 Your own Deserv'd, Approaching Destiny:

Ye Wantons, who can view, with sweet Surprise,
 The Glittering Babies, in your Misses Eyes,
 Are so Bewiched, by the *Circean* Charms,
 To fall within, her fair Destructive Arms :
 Who for a darling Lust, can pawn your Souls,
 And make your selves, the most Egregious Fools ;
 Oh think, and think again, Consider well,
 For this you must, Tormenting Anguish feel ;
 Think how the fading Pleasure, will create,
 Immortal Anguish, in a future state :
 These Pleasures please the Flesh, but Pain the Mind,
 And leave a sharp Tormenting Pain behind ;

Such short liv'd Pleasures, are too dearly bought,
 Always Attended, with the Nauseous draught
 Of Sorrowful Repentance; whilst the pure,
 Refined Pleasures, stately endure;
 As lasting Cordials, to revive and cheer;
 The Guiltless Mind, from all Disponding fear;
 So by a just Retaliation must;
 The Fire of Hell, Succeed the Flames of Lust.

Ye Useless Drones, who doze your time away,
 In needless Visits, or Industrious play;
 Yield up your selves, to Luxury and ease,
 And strive your sensual Faculties to please,
 In soft delights, or Studiously devise,
 Some Vain, Effeminating Exercise;
 Can Squander many precious Hours away,
 In Preaching Lectures, o're a Dish of Tea;
 Can Prate, and Rail, can Slander, and Revile,
 And grace your Banter, with a fawning smile;
 Whose Artificial Fallacies, are shown,
 T' Explore your Neighbours Faults, excuse your own;
 Who with Loquacious Airs, can Rave and Rattle,
 In Jest, and Jeers, or some Nonsensick Tattle;
 Thus vicious Habits, are at first begun,
 Which by Repeated Acts, are carried on;
 And Vices do, in their Dimensions grow
 And Careless Ease will end in Painful woe,
 As raging Tides, from purling Riv'lets flow;

By these soft Engines, were the *Sodomites*,
 To all their vile Debaucheries, entic'd :
 These soft delights, with all their lusting gain,
 Will lead, and leave you, in Tormenting Pain.

Ye Sons of *Belial*, who Prophanely Swear,
 Who do your Fathers, lively Image bear ;
 Who in the Broad, and Pleasureable way,
 Can Rant and Ramble, all your time away ;
 Who Reck in Blood, and Revel in the Night,
 And Labour to be Dam'd, with all your might ;
 Who make it all your Care, your main design,
 With all your Art, and Power, to Undermine
 The sacred Truths, that would your Lusts Restrain,
 Or fright you with Anticipating Pain :
 Who strive with all your Power, to Mortify,
 The Glimmering Rays of Light, and Stupify
 Your Consciences, that they may speak no more,
 Till waked when, you must appear before
 The awful Bar, where will the Conscience then,
 With force Revive, no more to Sleep again ;
 But with Tormenting Evidences tell,
 Sad Memorandums, in the Flames of Hell.

Would all these Sinners, by a Prudent care,
 Consider what the fatal Wages are ;
 Of all their doating Pleasures, which will end,
 In painful Sorrows, and directly tend

To wound the Conscience, and affect the mind,
 And leave a sharp Tormenting sting behind ;
 Would they Preponderate the sad event,
 And take a wise Precaution, to Prevent ;
 Impending Misery, a solemn pause,
 Might Rectify, the great Depending cause ;
 One serious Hour Considerate Council may,
 Prevent thy Ruin, would they calmly say ;
 E're long I must Resign, my mortal Breath,
 Be made a Victim, to the power of Death ;
 When in this World, I can no longer stay,
 But must be Summons'd hastily away ;
 Would I be found, amongst the ranting Crew,
 Or filthy Swine, who Eagerly pursue
 Their doating Pleasures, till the fatal snare,
 Involve them in, Remediless despair ;
 Or would I not amongst the pious Race,
 Have my Reward, who Thankfully Embrace
 The offer'd Grace, who by Assiduous prayer,
 Improve the present Season, to prepare ;
 Keep up a constant Intercourse with Heaven,
 Whose debts are Cancel'd, and whose Sins forgiven ;
 Whose Duties, and Devotions, more Incline,
 To raise their Spirits, brighten and Refine
 And Naturalize them, for that happy state,
 For which they do, with faith and Patience wait.
 For future Blessings, when the Judge shall come,
 And call his faithful waiting Servants home

To their desired Rest, and blest abode,
 Where being posselt, of all Complacent good
 Bask in the Pleasures, of a smiling God. }

The Following Piece was made, under my late Afflictions, by a long and Painful Sicknes; the loss of Wife, Children; a decay of all my worldly Substance; Opposed by Enemies, Deceived by false Friends, forsaken of all; with some Reflections, on such as were the Authors of my Trouble.

*Parve sed invidio sine me liber ibis, in urbem,
 Ad urbem Celestem, Jam ardente Aspiro.*

DEIGN heavenly Muse, thy fluid Airs to lend
 Thy Artful charms, thy kind Impulses send;
 Exhilerate my fancy, tune my thought,
 That by thy free Impartial Reasons taught;
 I may in Tragick Sympathy Relate,
 The Mournful Scenes of my Revolving state;
 Count all the Steps of thine Increasing woes,
 Tell all the grief thy Tortured Passion knows;
 When Blustering Storms, beat down thy Touring hope,
 Supported by the weak, Succumbing prop
 Of feeble Flesh, when by the fatal stroke,
 The sacred Tye, the Nuptial knot was broke.
 With Violent force the Hectick Fever seiz'd,
 The darling Son, who was of life bereav'd;

Insatiate Death still Thirsting to destroy,
 Makes fresh Assaults, the Daughter now must dye;
 Whilst in my Flesh, the raging Fever burn'd,
 My Ease to Pain, mine Health to Sicknels turn'd:
 For Days, and Weeks, and Months, with equal strife
 Betwixt Approaching Death, and wasting Life;
 Surviving Friends still added to my Grief,
 From whom I might expect, some kind Relief;
 Job's Messengers, from different Quarters came,
 With dreadful looks, their Message to Proclaim;
 Some touch'd my Body, some my dearest Friends,
 And every one some sharp Ingredient lends,
 To Aggravate my Misery, and Compose,
 A Complicated Scene of Real woes.
 My dearest Friends, by death, were snatch'd away,
 A sad Remark, a Visible decay;
 Of all my worldly Substance, ev'ry where,
 The sad Remains, of frightful wrecks appear;
 By secret Injuries, by open wrongs,
 By Lyes, and Slanders, from Deceitful Tongues;
 My Patience Rack'd, my Reputation lost,
 My Blooming hopes, in all their Teemings crost:
 Lampoon'd, Disgrac'd, Bely'd, Traduc'd, Betray'd,
 Oppos'd by Foes, of Flatterers more afraid;
 What Silent Sorrow, what Perturbing thought,
 These rolling Tides, of Flowing Evils wrought;
 No thought can Grasp, no artful Tongue declare,
 Nor Potent Mind, the Pondrous Luggage bear;

Stop

Stop here my Muse, or if the flowing Tide,
 Of Ranging fancy, will not yet Subside ;
 Divert thy thought, to soft Rebukes and tell,
 My Friends and Foes, they have not acted well :
 If any in the Christian Garb appear,
 With Splended Airs, whose Hearts are not Sincere,
 Who can assume the Saint, with Zealous Pride,
 Oh let them not in such vain hopes confide ;
 No florid Airs, no gay Theorick paint,
 Can hide the Blot, or Constitute a Saint ;
 These Superficial Habits, which adorn,
 The Lifeless Image, with a Lifeless form,
 Will ne're abide, when with Impartial Hands,
 Stern Justice with his Sword, and Ballance stands.
 To weigh the Actions, and designs of Men,
 Reward, or Punish, as their Deeds have been.
 The dreadful Stroke, and fatal Punishment,
 Timely Repentance, may indeed prevent ;
 A Mind Oppress'd, with Penetential Pain,
 And faults Lamented, may with ease Obtain ;
 A gracious Pardon, both with God and Man,
 In all my Tryals and Vexatious Woes
 Or wrongful Dealings, by my Causeless Foes,
 May I these Evils with Precaution meet,
 And with Resigned Silence still Submit ;
 If wrong'd, I would be righted, if I cannot,
 To seek Revenge I must not, nay I dare not ;

But wait with Patience in the Gospel way,
Till time bring forth the great Decisive Day ;
When wronged Innocence shall wear the Crown,
And Flattering Cheats with Vengeance Overthrown.

Ominime Nunquam talia amicis Expectem.

For the Innocent Diversions of some young Persons, *I*
have made and Inserted the following Riddles.

E N I G M A.

I am a Machine most compleat,
My Face is Round with Numbers set ;
When 'ere I speak the truth I tell,
Unless some awkward Fools Compel
My Guiltless Tongue to tell a lie,
My Spotless fame to Damnify ;
My Bowels do in Circles move,
My Clattering Teeth in Clamours Rove ;
My Finger and my Tongue Unite
In Artful Schemes both Day and Night.

E N I G M A.

T'was in the Silent Night, Oppress'd with care,
I pensive sat; no Lyrick Bard was near,
To cheer my Passions, with some Vocal strains,
Oppress'd with heavy Grievs, and gloomy Pains :
When Plundering Ratts, and ranging Weefles seize ;
On Eggs, and Bacon, Oatmeal, Pork, and Cheese,

When bodeing Crickets, Sing their Midnight knell,
 And screaming Owls, Prodigious Terrors tell :
 Near to a Plach, beneath a spreading Oak,
 Receptacles, where Frogs and Ravens Croak ;
 A shining Nymph, Appear'd within my sight,
 With Slender Waist, a Face Propensly bright :
 I view'd my Mistress, with Alluring Eye,
 Yet she a *Daphne* was, both fair and coy ;
 As I beheld, she flyly stole away,
 No soft Allurements, could her Passage stay :
 A Thousand Silver *Nymphies*, danc'd before,
 And in the Rear, march'd up two Thousand more,
 O're Woods and Mountains, still they took their Rout,
 In wild and pathless Labyrinths, Tramp about ;
 Long time she Travel'd, with her Glittering Train,
 At length she shew'd, her lovely Face again ;
 More plump and fat, my Mistress now Appear'd,
 Press'd forward, and her former Courses steer'd ;
 Till by Incelant Journeys, she began ;
 To loose her force, to look more Pale and Wan,
 Like to a Lapland Witch, when she Transforms ;
 To a black dismal Ghost, with Crooked Horns :
 Who is this fickle Phantom, who this fair,
 Unconstant Mistress, pray to me declare.

E N I G M A.

When first old time began to drive his carr,
 O're this Tumultuous Orb / then was near,

Confind by cruel Fate to Range about
 Where no Inspective Eyes can find me out ;
 From Land to Sea, from Sea to Land I rove
 My Passage swifter than the winged Dove ;
 No mortal Power my Rapid force can turn,
 Nor Raging Fire my pliant Pinions burn ;
 The vast Terraqueous Globe, I Ramble 'ore,
 From the *Atlantick*, to the *Chinese* shore ;
 Mortals Rejice, when I am fall'n asleep ;
 But when I Rouze, I give them cause to Weep ;
 My Power, my Force, my strong Impetious Breath,
 Have oftimes been, the Harbingers of Death :
 Sometimes indeed, I my kind Aspects lend,
 Carress'd and call'd, the most Indulgent Friend :
 By my kind Aid, some Miserably Poor ;
 Regale their empty Baggs, with Golden 'ore :
 But if I frown, I cause them to Restore ;
 What funds of Treasure, they had gain'd before ;
 Tho' I am call'd Unconstant, and Unkind ;
 None 'ere could my Obscure Recesses find,
 Nor yet by Art, or Power, could ever be Confind.

ENIGMA POLITA.

My Mother bred me, in a dolesome Cave,
 Where long I Slept, as in a silent Grave :
 Five Thousand Years, 'ere I beheld the Sun ;
 My Master then, with surly knocks begun ;
 To wake me from my Sleep, I then arose,
 And found my self, Inviron'd round with Foes ;

K 2

Who

Who sing'd my Hair, and did my Bowels boil ;
 I neither Schriek'd, nor Murmur'd all the while :
 Then took me out again, without a Skin,
 And made me bright without, and pure within ;
 My form most Beautiful, did then Appear,
 I was no common Fool, but scarce and dear ;
 On Lords and Ladies, always I attend,
 As their Companion, and their closest Friend :
 When at the Table, on them I do wait,
 And Constantly attend the Fork and Plate ;
 When in their Beds, they Sleep securly I ;
 Betwixt my Master, and my Mistress lye :
 When they to Church do go, to read a prayer,
 They'll leave their Book, my beauty to admire.
 Should I Relate, the Wonders I have done ;
 You'd say amongst the *Heroes* there was none
 Could Equalize my Worth, I now declare,
 I've sometimes Gain'd, ten Thousand Pounds a Year ;
 Before a Publick Show, with open Face,
 And done the Feat, in one small Minutes space.
 I'm neither long, nor broad, nor large, nor tall,
 One Single Eye, and my Proportion small ;
 Yet may you Measure Ells, full twenty score,
 And yet may add to them, ten Thousand more :
 Ere you can reach my End, pray now declare,
 What is my Name, and what my Features are.

ENIGMA TREMENDA.

I am a Lord, whose Sovereign Power is great,
 My Laws are Just, Impartial, and Compleat ;

Through

Through all the boundless Space, of Sea and Land,
 I Rule the World, by Order and Command ;
 Before my Seat, the greatest Monarchs come,
 And Trembling fall ; before my Artful Throne:
 When having bound them fast in Captive Chains,
 Lash them with Stripes, far worse than mortal Pains :
 If any chance to Murmur, and Complain,
 I Sentence them, to be new Rackt again ;
 And scare them into such Convulsive Fits ;
 Shall make them eat their Words, or lose their Wits.
 Some call me Tyrant, some their greatest Friend,
 Some will Calumniate, and some Commend :
 But I shall make mine Innocence appear ;
 To all that will Impartial Reasons hear ;
 No faithful Friends, did ever yet complain,
 I'ere Opprest them, with a needless Pain :
 But oftentimes, I have Increas'd their bliss ;
 By giving them a sweet Reviving Kifs :
 Which has advanc'd them, to the greatest height,
 Of unknown Peace, and Rapturous delight :
 My Powerful Charms, such piercing Rays impart,
 As far Exceeds, the Wise Physicians Art ;
 Since I can frown, my Patients into Pain,
 And with a smile, can make them well again,
 Since I have Travel'd, and am known so well ;
 Through all the Coasts, of Heaven, Earth and Hell,
 Who is it that, mine awful Name can tell.

ENIGMA POSTREMA.

Say what is that, which all do covet ;
Which few can Gain, but none can love it.

The following Piece was made long since, by a worthy Author ; which for the Singular Excellencies I have Transcribed ; wishing that all young Persons would learn it by Heart, as a Tryal of their Sincerity. *John 21 and 17. Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.*

LORD thou that knowest all things, know'st I love thee
And that I set no Idol up above thee ;
To thine Unerring Censures I Appeal,
And thou that knowest all things, sure canst tell,
I love thee more than Life, or Interest ;
Nor hast thou any Rival, in my Breast :
I love thee so, that I can calmly bear,
The scorn of Fools, and bleis my happy Ear ;
I love thee so, that for one smile of thine,
If this, and all the brighter Worlds, were mine ;
I would not Pause, but with a noble scorn !
At the Unequal Slighted offer Spurn.
Yes, I to Fools, these Trifles can Resign,
Nor Envy them the World, whilst thou art mine ;
Thou art my only Center, I can find,
No other Point, to stay my doubtful Mind ;

Potent and Uncontrould, its Motions were ;
 Till fixt on thee ; its only Congruous Sphere ;
 Urg'd with a Thousand specious Baits it stood :
 Displeas'd and Longing, for some distant good,
 To calm its Genuine Dictates ; but betwixt,
 Them all Remain'd, Suspended and and Unfixt
 I love thee so, its more than Death to be,
 My Life, my Love, my All, depriv'd of thee :
 'Tis Hell, 'tis Horror; Shades, and Darknes then ;
 Till thou Unvail'st, thy Heavenly Face again ;
 I love thee so, i'd Kifs the Dart, should free,
 My Fluttering Soul, and send her up to thee ;
 O wouldst thou break her Chain, with what delight,
 She'd spread her Wings, and bid the World goodNight ;
 Scarce for my bright Conducters, would I stay ;
 But lead thy Flameing Messengers the way,
 In their known Passage, to Eternal Day. }
 And yet the heavenly Climes, would scarce seem fair,
 Unless I saw, my bright Redeemer there ;
 Unless I there could View, his charming Face,
 And Cope all Heaven, in his dear Embrace.

The Fable of *JUPITER* and his *FROGS*, Moraliz'd.

*Quod docet, Esopus Fabulis precipit mentem
 Rem veram Recipere, Maturiore taetu.*

WHEN *Frogs* could speak, and with Sagacious skill,
 Meet and Converte ; their Plots and Projects tell
 They

They hel'd a Council, how to Regulate,
 The grand Affairs, of their Ungovern'd state ;
 To this great Congress, they in hast Repair
 That each his own Opinion, might declare ;
 The great Assembly, in Suspension wait
 Not knowing what to say, or how to Act :
 Till one Resolv'd, to end the great debate ;
 Amidst the Croud, within the spacious Lake ;
 Pops up his lofty Chin, and gravely spake. }
 Ye poor Impotent Progeny of Frogs,
 Who House in Fenns, and Trounce about the Bogs ;
 A feeble Generation, and Opprest,
 By ev'ry Ravenous Bird, and Ranging Beast :
 The Monstrous Raven, Gripes us in her Claw,
 And then immures us, in her greedy Maw ;
 The Owl, the Falcon, and the crafty Snake ;
 Do in their several Turns, Inursions make
 Upon our feeble Bands ; we have no might,
 Nor have we Courage, Force, or Power to Fight ;
 Against these fierce Invaders, lets invoke,
 Great *Jupiter* ; that he'l be pleas'd to look
 On our Distressed State, and let us have,
 A King to Govern us, Protect and save,
 From our Invading Foes ; we plainly see ;
 That other kinds, have gain'd a Monarchy :
 The Birds, the Royal Eagle, and the Beasts,
 The noble Lyon ; nay those mean Insects ;
 The little Bees, have got their puny Kings
 Which leads their Armies forth, with streaching Wings,
 Wisely

Wisely Conducts them, in their Work and War,
 Whilst we Ungovern'd, helpless Creatures are.
 Had we a Valiant King, to lead us on,
 We'd Fight our hateful Foes, but yield to none ;
 We'd Box the crafty Mice, and make them know ;
 Their our Inferiours, and well make them Bow :
 To our Imperial sway, we'll Plunder all :
 That under our severe Resentments fall.
 Now they implore, that they a King may have ;
 A King, a King, is all the boon, they Crave ;
Jupiter Laughs, to hear their strange Request,
 Which he intends, to answer with a Jest ;
 Takes up a Log, and with a mighty Swing,
 Throws down amongst the Frogs, to be their King.
 According to their wish, a King is sent,
 But still their Minds, are fill'd with Discontent ;
 He's quite too Easy, for their haughty will ;
 He'll neither Fight, nor lead them forth to kill ;
 Their hateful Foes, a King thus Qualify'd,
 They needs must have, they must not be denied.
Jupiter now Enraged, at their Complaint,
 Says he, Ile make these foolish Frogs Repent ;
 The angry God, gives them this sharp Rebuke,
 He Spake, and then his lofty Trident shoke ;
 Must I Impetious Rebels ; be Controul'd ;
 By male Contents, and dare you be so bold :
 My Wise Administrations, to Correct ;
 Null my Decrees, my Sovereign Power Reject ;

Uneasy Fools, a fiery King you crave,
 And such a King ; you shall in Vengeance have,
Jupiter now the Water Serpent sends,
 Him they Receive, on whom their hope depends ;
 They view his stately form, his speckled Breast,
 Admire his Sparkling Eyes, and Golden Crest ;
 In him they view, a martial King indeed,
 Now they Presume, they shall be quickly freed ;
 From all their Dangers, yea and have their will ;
 On all their Foes, whom they intend to kill ;
 But when they come, with formal Compliment
 Their Violent Petitions, to present ;
 He flies upon them, with Tyrannick Rage,
 In Vain they strive, his fury to Assuage ;
 They shun his hateful Sight, too late bemoan
 What they through Discontent, had rashly done ;
 Croke in their Holes, and Mutter out their grief
 Always Complain, but never find Relief.

May not this Fable, aptly be Apply'd,
 Is not the Type ; exactly Verified :
 In Discontented Britons, when Enrag'd,
 With fiery Zeal, and furiously Engag'd ;
 In Treason, and Rebellion, humorous Pride,
 Passion, not Reason, their Sinister Guide.
 Unstable Britons, know not when they'r well
 By factious Pride, incited to Rebel ;

Romes Monstrous Bratts, Projectors of the Grime ;
 Apostate Protestants, with them Combine ;
 And with the *French*, the *Pope*, and *Devil* Join,
 The Conspirators form'd the same design,
 As did the great Inglorious Cattaline:
 Monster of Men, and these are Monsters too,
 That would the Nation, and themselves undoe :
 What Cattaline Conspir'd, against old *Rome*,
 Was here design'd to be the Britons doom ;
 The Senate, and the Nobles, all Destroy'd,
 But those with their hellish scheme Comply'd ;
 A Popish Tyrant, placed on the Throne,
 To Rule with Rigour ; as a true born Son
 Of *Romulus*, and *Tarquin*, or the more,
 Insulting Grandure, of the Scarlet Whore,
 Whose will must be a Law, and which is worse,
 Will make us Subject, to the greater Curse ;
 Of Lordly Prelates, Authoriz'd from *Rome*,
 From whence the Thundering Bulls, with fury come :
 To make the Northern Hereticks return,
 Absolve the Penitent ; the Stubborn burn.
 That all may Warning take, and humbly own,
 A due Subjection, to the Tripple Crown.
 That so Great Briton, may again become,
 A Patrimony, to the Church of *Rome*,
 Should such a turn Commence, then we must be,
 Again Enslav'd, to Popish Tyranny.
 A Mask must then, be put upon Religion,
 And ev'ry CarrionCrow, be call'd a Pidgeon ;

The blackest Crimes, gloss'd 'ore with glorious Paints,
 And mangy Friers, Cannoniz'd for Saints ;
 You must believe, the most Stupendious Lies,
 And think yourselves, the most Exactly wise ;
 To close your own ; and see with others Eyes.
 Let Britons learn their Liberties to Prize,
 Remove their Prejudice ; Unclose their Eyes ;
 And see wherein their truest Interest Lies.
 Pray that the Princely Seat, in *Leicester* Fields,
 Be as a Mansion, where the Turtle builds
 Her lovely Nest, the Royal Pair be blest,
 And their Illustrious Progeny, Increas'd ;
 With Generous Plants, that with August Renown,
 Successively, may wear the British Crown.
 Possess of all Terrestrial Happiness,
 May Reign with Honour, and may die in Peace
 Till Sun, and Moon, till Days, and Years, shall cease.



On the Praise of B L A N K V E R S E.

WHY may not solid Numbers Versified,
 Affect the Mind, without the Gingly Chime,
 Of equal Sounds, why should gay Mirth Infringe ;
 The Winged fancy from its genial Flight :
 Might Pregnant thought, have free Access to Range ;
 In Cantick Measures, through the Dirge Theme,
 To ease the Poet, Fluctuate the sense,
 Without Repulse, Adjournment, or Controul :
 Then would the pleasing Task, go smoothly on,
 So glides *Hecate*, with her watry Wheels,
 Through Lambient Air, with kind and genial Ray ;
 Sole Empress of the Night, with still Command ;
 Pursues her Course, with Uncontrouled sway,
 So Slides the freighted Vessel, down the Rhine ;
 With facile Conduct, to the Belgick Shore :
 The Slippery Kiel, divides the parting foame,
 With easy Passage, Natural and free.
 So might the Rolling Wheels, of Pregnant thought ;
 Perform their Task, without Fatigueing Pain :
 But when Surrounded, with the Tripple charge,
 Of Numbers, Sense, and Rhime, in active strain,
 The sense must be Mantain'd, in clumsy Rhime ;
 Or polite Rhime, may Jumble out the sense.
 In smoother Gales Renowned Bards of Old
 Compil'd their Systems with Stupendious thought
 As once fam'd *Ovid* in * Heroick Verse
 Drew out his strange Misterious Conceits
 In Fulgent Beams with Marvelous display ;

* *His Metamorphosis.*



E R R A T A.

PAGE 19. Line 7. after Arbanas *add* Streams
Page 22. line 1. for Heart *read* Art. Page
26. line 16. for Charon *read* Claron, in the same
page line 20. *dele* if. Page 37. line 1. *dele* Marcus,
read Marshals of. Page 45. line 26. for Rofsling Hy-
bems Putrify's, *read* Rofsling Hybems Petrify's. Page
53. line 12. for Evening Star *read* Vesper. Page 56. line
6. *dele* Morning Star. Page 60. line 7. for Confind *read*
Calcin'd. Page 77. line 4. for Artful *read* Aweful.

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